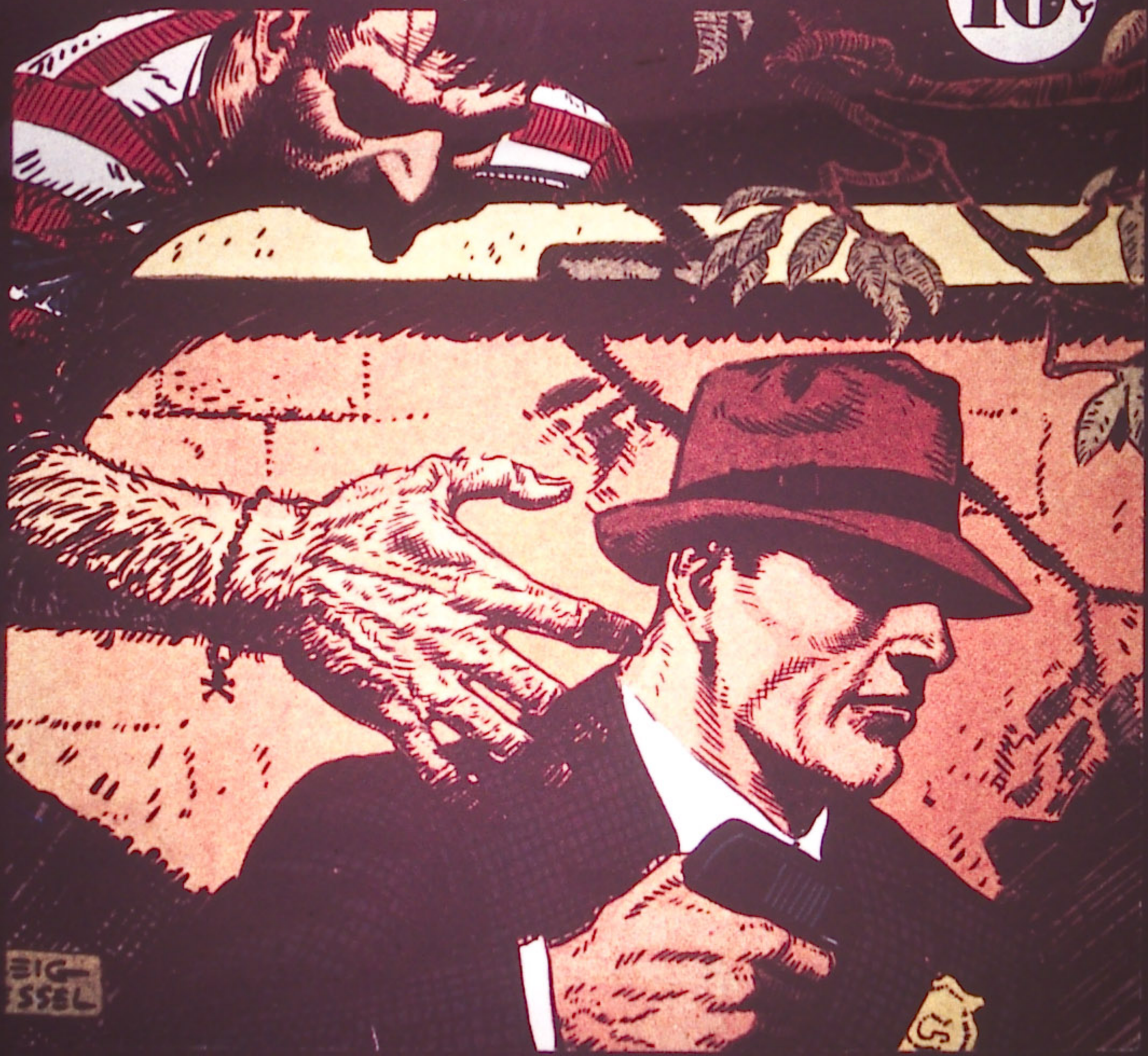


Detective COMICS

10¢

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5

News!

No. 30

MARCH, 1938

MORE

FUN COMICS

10¢



*here comes
a
champion!*

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TESTED!
PROVED!

DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Associate Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

by **CREIG FLESSEL**



GET THAT MAN!! FIND HIM! SCOUR THE CITY!!! --
FIND THE MISSING WITNESS OR THE TRIAL CANNOT
GO ON! - THESE THOUGHTS HAUNT SPEED SAUNDERS,
ACE INVESTIGATOR AS HE SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR
MIKE SARO, THE MISSING WITNESS IN THE FAMOUS
LITTLE TOMM MURDER CASE!

BUT FINALLY SPEED SPOTS HIS MAN!
LEAPING FROM A FOOT BRIDGE INTO
THE SPEEDING CAR - HE MAKES IT!



PULL OVER TO THE
CURB! PUT AWAY
THAT GUN, MIKE!





THE DRIVER SUDDENLY LOOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY ACROSS THE ROAD CRASHING INTO A STEEL POLE!

BATTERED AND DAZED SPEED BATTLES AGAINST ODDS UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!



GO EASY WITH THAT CLUB, CASEY! MY HEAD IS SORE ALREADY!

SAUNDERS



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD STREET FIGHT!

YOU SAID IT, CASEY!



SO YOU FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH SARO. NOW THE TRIAL CAN GO ON. BUT STICK AROUND SPEED. THERE'S GONNA BE FIREWORKS!

OKAY, CHIEF!



HAVING CAUGHT HIS MAN, SPEED NOW RELAXES AND STOPS IN TO SEE HIS FRIENDS AT BARNEY'S.

BUT - HIS TROUBLES HAVE JUST BEGUN !! BECAUSE THE MIKE SARO GANG HAS HIM ON THE SPOT!



H-H-H-H-THERE'S SAUNDERS AT THE END OF THE BAR

OKAY, BARNEY.

GOING SO EARLY, SPEED?

YEAH - I'VE GOT A BUSY DAY TO-MORROW! SEE YOU AGAIN!



SPEED IS FOLLOWED BY A GUNMAN!!!

AS THEY APPROACH A DARK ALLEY - THE GUNMAN DRAWS HIS ROD - AND



MY GORSH! THEY GOT SPEED SAUNDERS!



HEY - YOU JUST GOT SHOT! WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT? EH?

SH-H GET A TAXI FOR ME! I'M OKAY!

4 YES, I GOT SHOT... BUT I HAD THIS BULLET PROOF VEST ON. - ANNOUNCE MY DEATH IN ALL THE PAPERS - AND THEN AT THE TRIAL - WATCH!



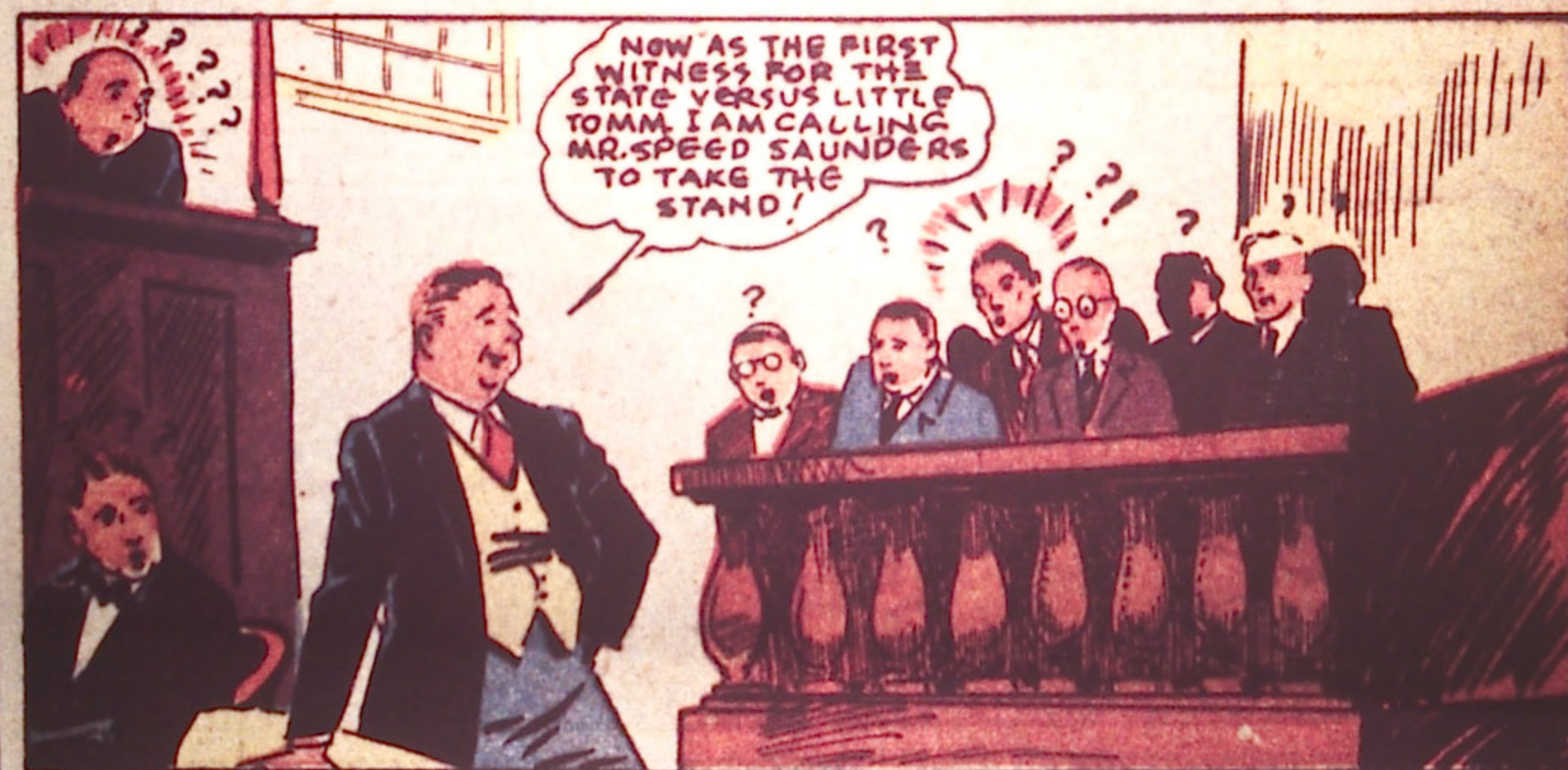
YEAH - SURE. I HAD ONE OF THE GANG TAKE CARE OF SAUNDERS - SEE, IT'S ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE!
AN: I GOT YOUR CASE IN THE BAG!

GEE! YOU'RE IS SMART, MULORE!



MEANWHILE IN LITTLE TOMM'S CELL

NOW AS THE FIRST WITNESS FOR THE STATE VERSUS LITTLE TOMM, I AM CALLING MR. SPEED SAUNDERS TO TAKE THE STAND!



HOLY SOCKS! IT'S HIM!

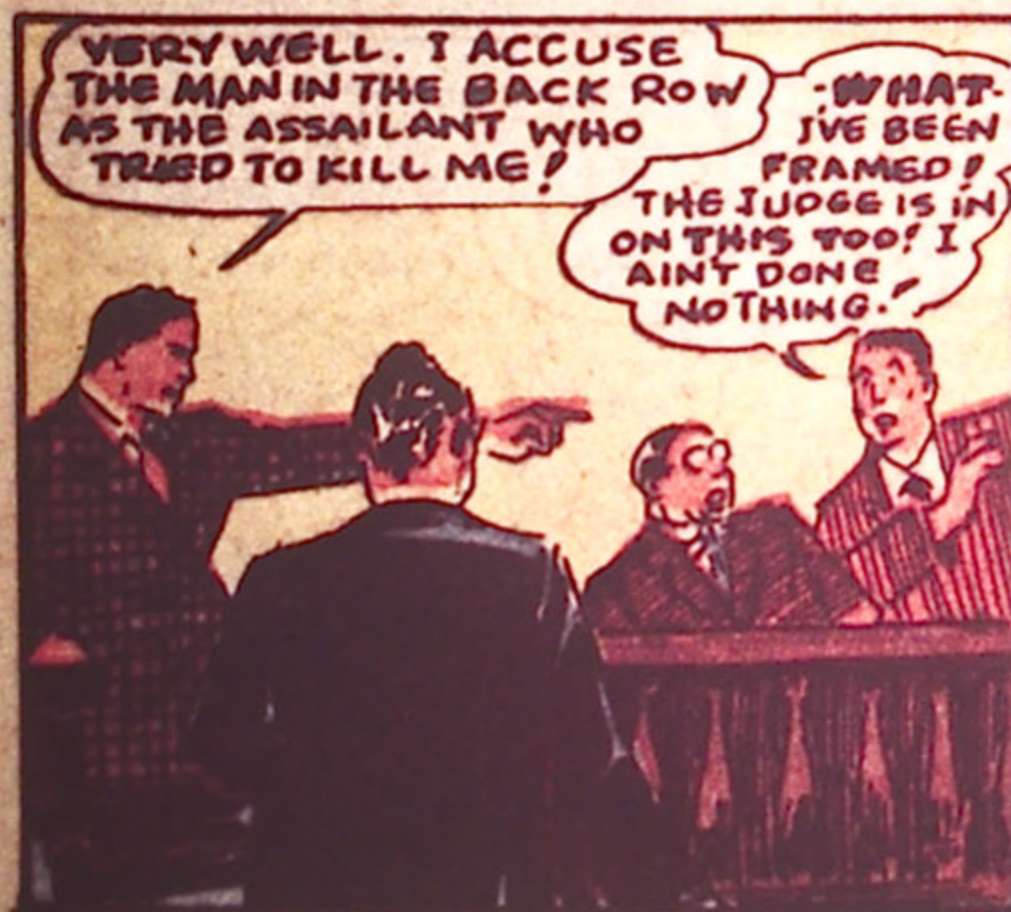
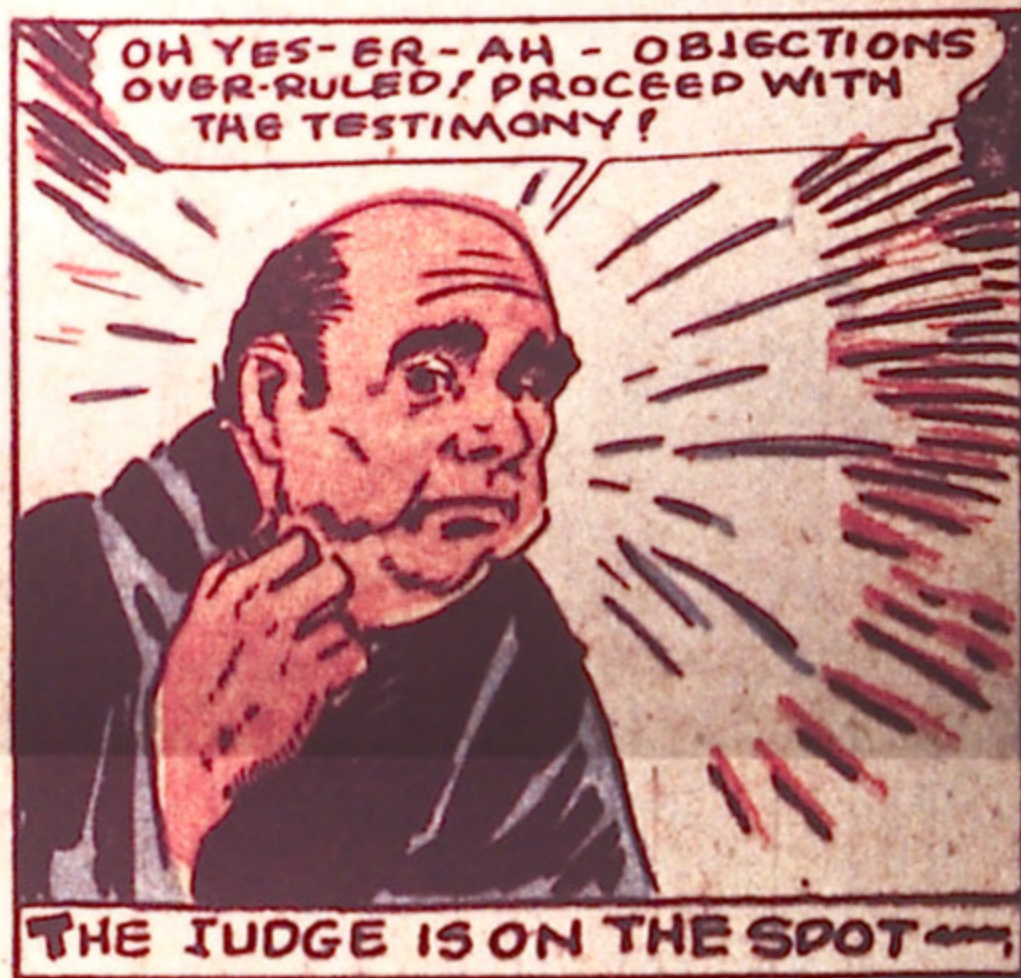
HE'S ALIVE!

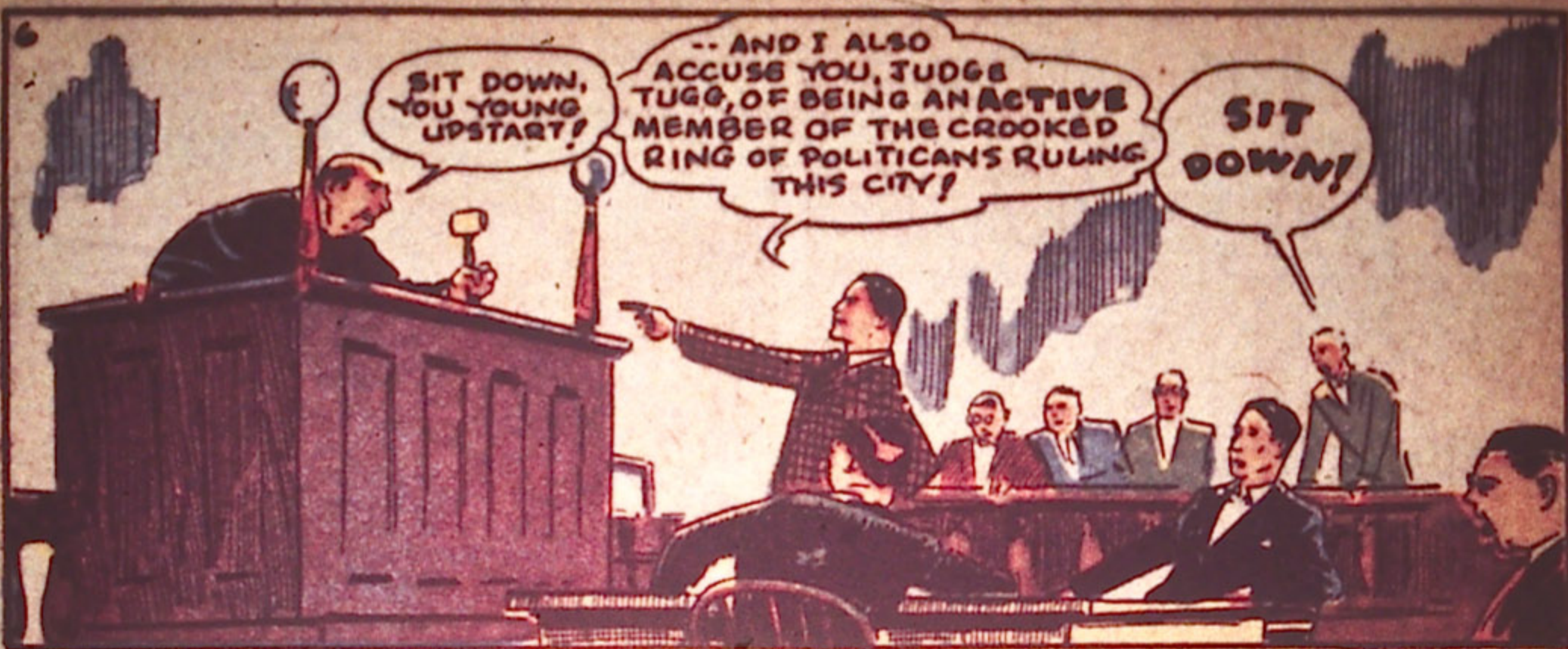
HE GOT SHOT! - HE'S - HE'S DEAD!

CRIPES! IT MUST BE A TWIN BROTHER! LOOKS LIKE HIM THOUGH

IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT!







Just Like Junior

By STAN ASCH



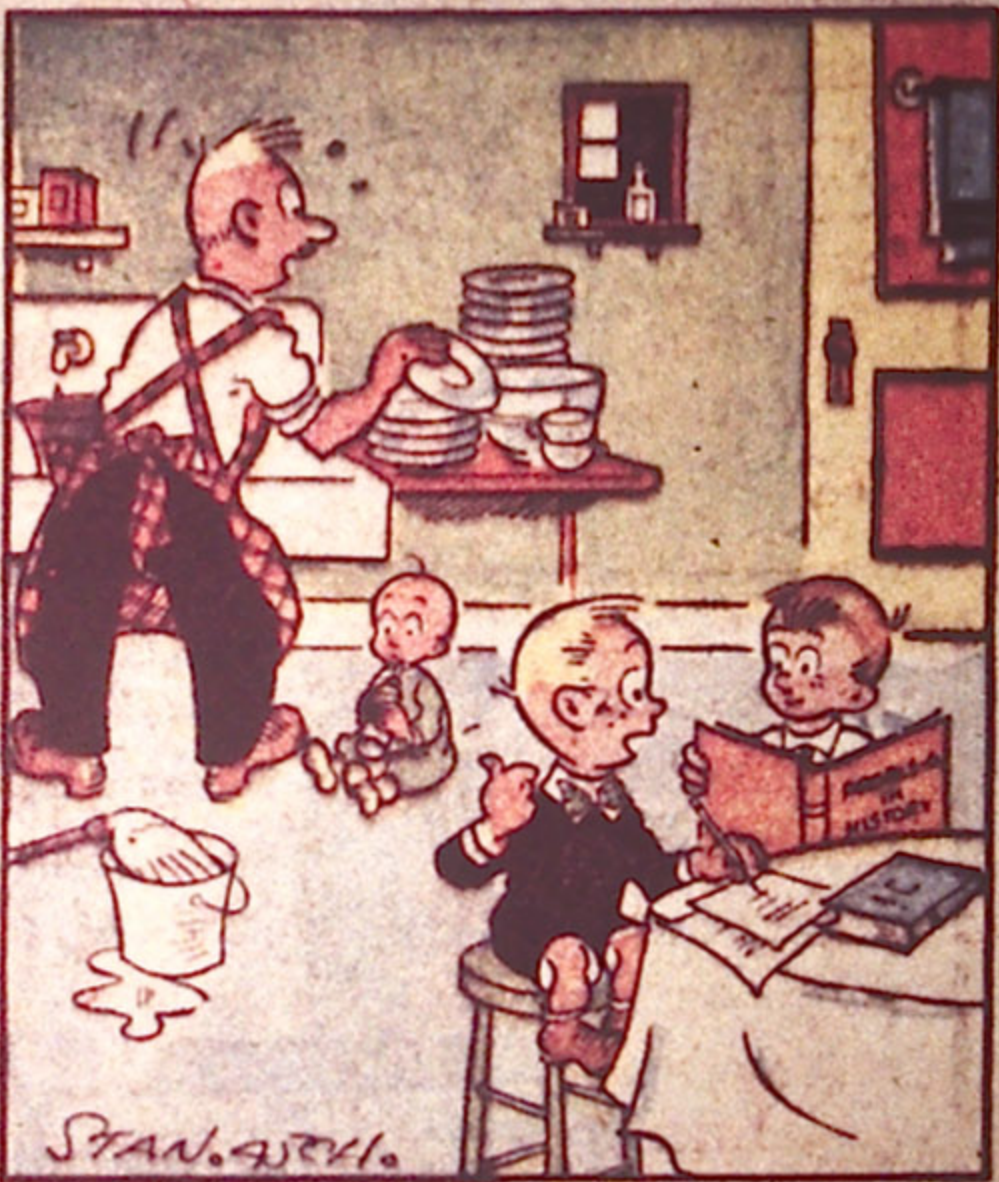
"IF THIS MEDICINE IS JUST LIKE CANDY, WHY CAN'T I HAVE CANDY INSTEAD?"



"YOU WON'T FIND NUTHIN' IN POP'S POCKETS... MOM BEAT YOU TO IT LAST NIGHT!"



"YOU'VE GOT A GOOD RACKET. WHEN YOU COME HERE THE MOTHS GO NEXT DOOR, WHEN YOU GO THERE WE GET 'EM BACK!"



"THERE'S NO USE ASKING POP. HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!"

STAN ASCH

LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Will Ely

LARRY, SERVING AS A BUTLER IN THE JENKS' HOME, IS ACTING AS A BODYGUARD TO NANCY, MR. JENKS' DAUGHTER—OVERHEARING A PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN NANCY AND SOME MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, HE DECIDES SHE IS BEING BLACKMAILED AND PLANS TO CATCH THE PLOTTERS RED-HANDED, BUT INSTEAD A KIDNAPPING RESULTS—HE FOLLOWS, BUT HIS CAR IS RIDDLED BY BULLETS AND CRASHES AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD — —

LARRY IS UNHURT, BUT FOR A FEW SCRATCHES—HE CLIMBS FROM THE WRECK AND RUSHES OUT INTO THE STREET —

THERE THEY GO—HERE COMES A CAR— I'LL STOP IT —



I'M A POLICEMAN — I'VE GOT TO HAVE A CAR QUICK! HERE'S MY CARD, I'LL SETTLE FOR ANY DAMAGES, BUT I MUST HAVE YOUR CAR — —



WELL, LET ME DRIVE YOU —

NO—NO— I'M AFTER GUNMEN— SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU —



LARRY LEAVES THE BEWILDERED MAN STANDING AGAPE IN THE STREET AND ROARS AWAY IN HIS CAR — — —

WELL I'LL BE — — — WHAT COULD I DO — HE HAD A GUN —



LARRY KEEPS HIS HAND ON THE HORN AND
WEAVES THRU TRAFFIC LIKE A MADMAN - RED
LIGHTS DON'T MEAN A THING -



HIS WILD DRIVING SOON ATTRACTS THE POLICE -
IN NO TIME HE IS LEADING A SMALL PARADE OF
POLICE CARS - -



AROUND CORNERS ON TWO WHEELS A MAD
CHASE, BUT SOON LARRY IS ON THE TAIL OF THE
KIDNAPPERS AGAIN -



THE GANGSTERS MACHINE GUN SWINGS INTO
ACTION AGAIN - LARRY RETURNS FIRE WITH
HIS AUTOMATIC - - -



THE POLICE ARE TOO FAR BEHIND TO REALIZE WHAT IS GOING ON, BUT THEY DO HEAR THE SHOTS --



THE "TOMMY" GUN WINS OUT AGAIN - WITH HIS FRONT TIRES RIDDLED LARRY'S CAR SWERVES WILDLY AND CRASHES INTO A STORE WINDOW -



MIRACULOUSLY LARRY ESCAPES AGAIN - HE RUSHES OUT TO FIND THE POLICE ARRIVING -

COME ON - I'M DETECTIVE STEELE; I'M CHASING KIDNAPPERS IN THAT CAR DISAPPEARING JUST AHEAD -

SO THAT'S IT - SURE, HOP IN, STEELE - I REMEMBER YOU FROM THAT ORSATTI ROUND UP ---

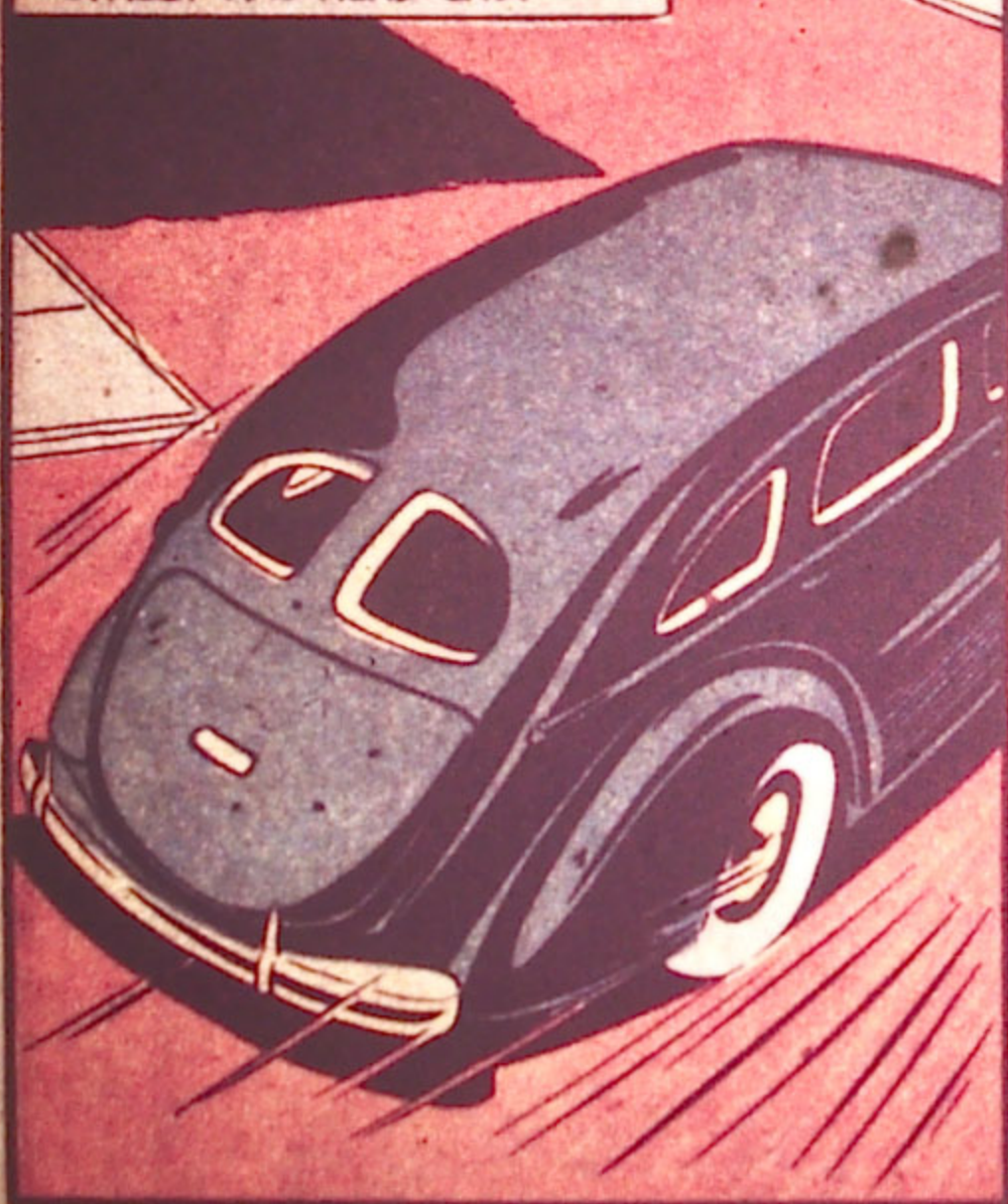


WE'LL CATCH THEM! COME ON BOYS -

HURRY - THEY'VE GOT A GOOD START ON US --



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DELAY THE WRECK CAUSED, THE GANGSTERS TRY TO THROW THE LAW OFF THEIR TRAIL - THEY SWERVE INTO A SIDE STREET AND HEAD EAST ---



THIS CAR'S TOO HOT - LEAVE IT HERE - WE'LL CRAB A TAXI -

O.K. HEY WAIT! THE GIRL'S COMING TO ---



THAT'S O.K. WE CAN HANDLE HER -

OH / WHERE AM I ? WHO ARE YOU ?

NEVER MIND THAT, SISTER -



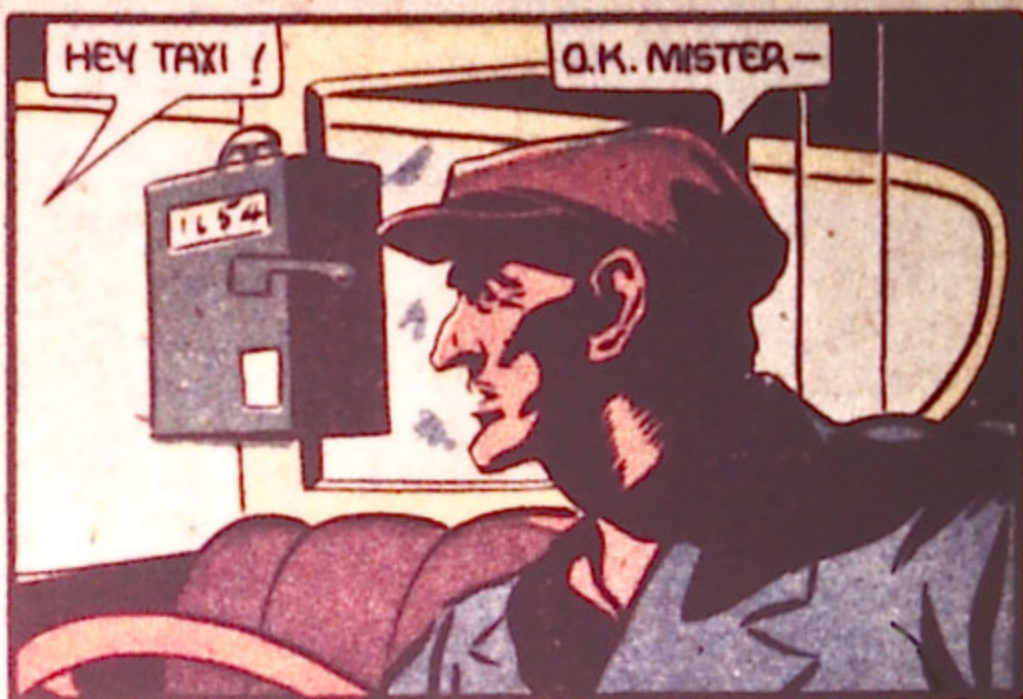
SEE THIS GUN / ONE DEEP OUTA YOU AND I EMPTY IT INTO YOU !

JUST COME ALONG WITH US, AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY ---



HEY TAXI !

O.K. MISTER -



DRIVE NORTH TO 145TH AND LENOX AVENUE, BUDDY, AND STEP ON IT !



THIS IS THE PLACE - HERE, BUDDY !

CEE ! THANKS !



WHAT'S THE IDEA
GETTIN' OUT HERE ?

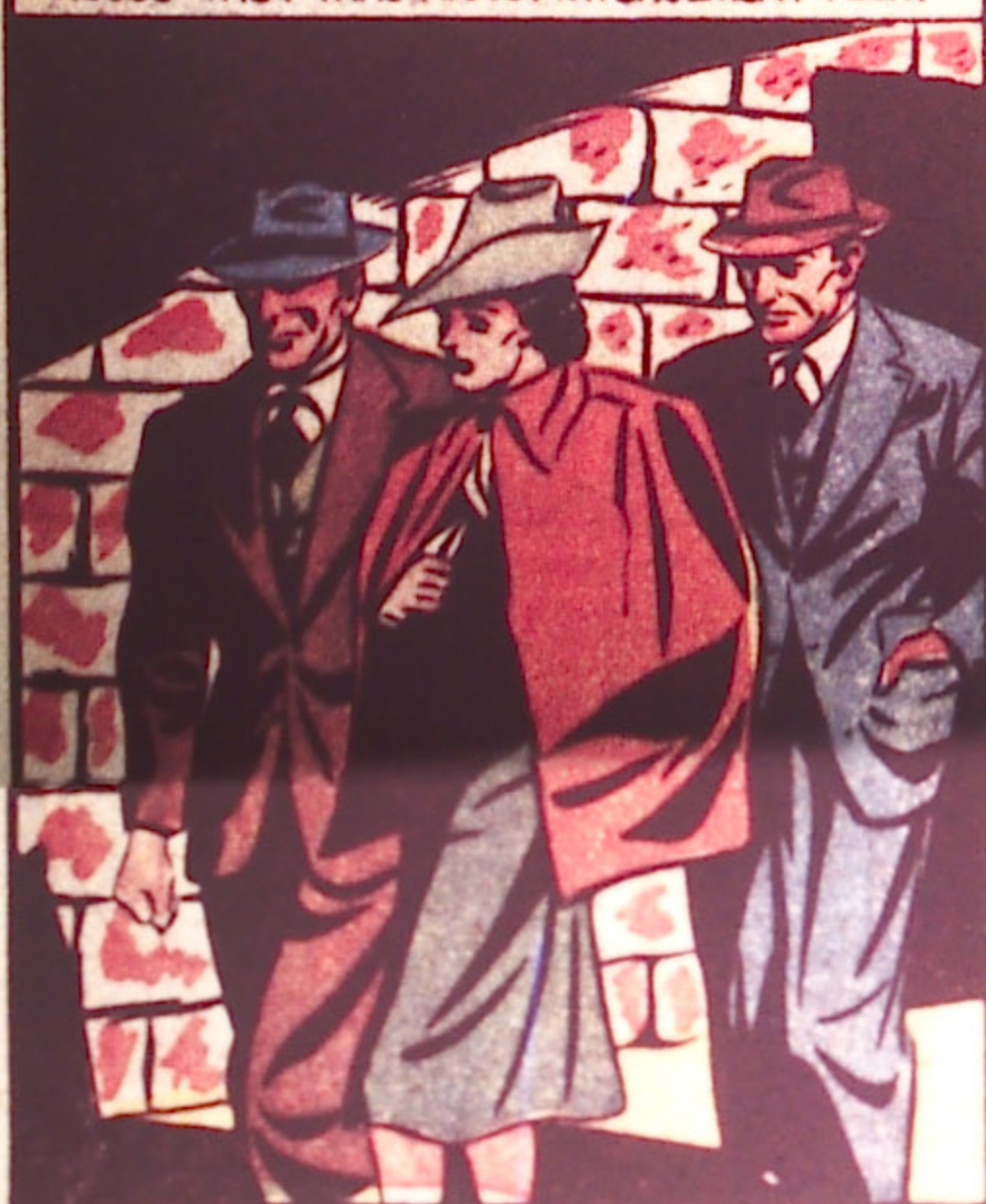
SHUT UP ! THINK I WANT
HIM TO KNOW WHERE
THE HIDEOUT IS !



COME ON-IT'S ONLY
TWO BLOCKS FROM
HERE —



THE TRIO WALK NORTH TO 147TH STREET AND
ENTER A SORDID DESERTED LOOKING TENEMENT
HOUSE - THEY TAKE NANCY TO A BASEMENT ROOM -



SIT DOWN, TOOTS !
YOU'RE GONNA BE
HERE FOR AWHILE

BUT WHERE IS BLACKIE ?
HE SAID IF I PAID HIM, I
COULD HAVE THE LETTERS
AND GO FREE - I HAVE
SOME JEWELS HERE ---



BLACKIE, EH -
JEWELS - THEY'LL
LOOK LIKE JUNK
COMPARED TO
WHAT YOUR
OLD MAN WILL
HAVE TO FORK
OVER TO GET
YOU BACK -



SO YOU'RE KIDNAPPING
ME ! BUT WHERE IS
BLACKIE ?



BLACKIE WAS A PUNK -
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT HIM
I'M THE BOSS NOW !

WAS ? YOU
MEAN HE'S DEAD ?



WHAT DO YOU
THINK, KIDDO -

OH ! YOU MURDERED HIM !



SHUT UP !
IT WON'T DO
ANY GOOD TO
SQUAWK -
NOBODY'LL
HEAR YOU
DOWN HERE -



HEY ! STOP -
THERE'S THEIR
CAR ---

O.K.



BOY, YOU RIDDED IT
PLENTY -

YEAH, BUT WHERE
HAVE THEY GONE ?



TO BE CONTINUED ---

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN



1 THE REYNOLDS' CIRCUS IS IN TOWN.



2 COSMO DRIVES OUT TO THE FAIR GROUNDS TO VISIT HIS OLD FRIEND, TIM REYNOLDS, THE OWNER.



3 THE TENTS ARE BEING ERECTED AS HE ARRIVES, WITH EVERYTHING IN A SEEMING STATE OF CONFUSION.

--YES, YOU'LL FIND REYNOLDS OVER IN THAT RED AND GREEN CIRCUS WAGON BACK OF THE TENTS.



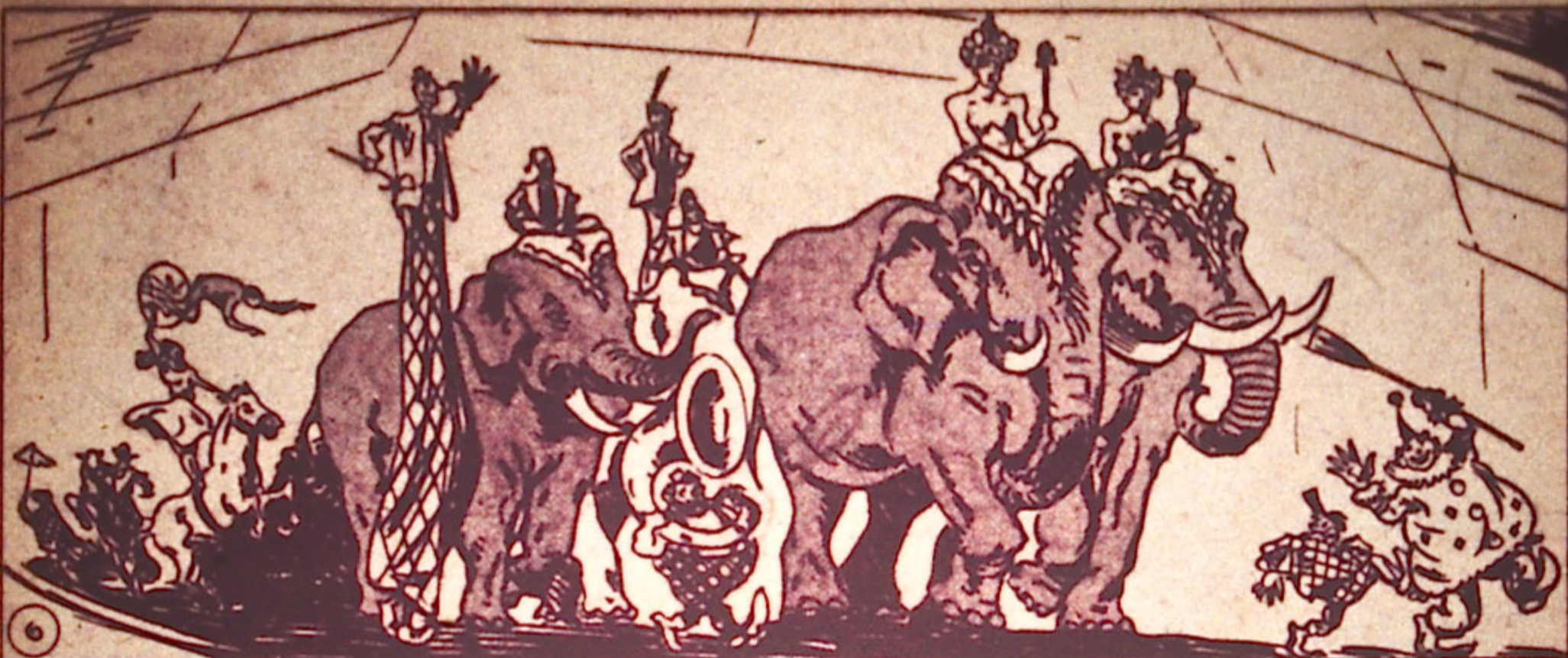
4 COSMO IS DIRECTED TO REYNOLDS' WAGON WHICH SERVES AS HIS OFFICE AND LIVING QUARTERS.

IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TIM, AFTER ALL THIS TIME---

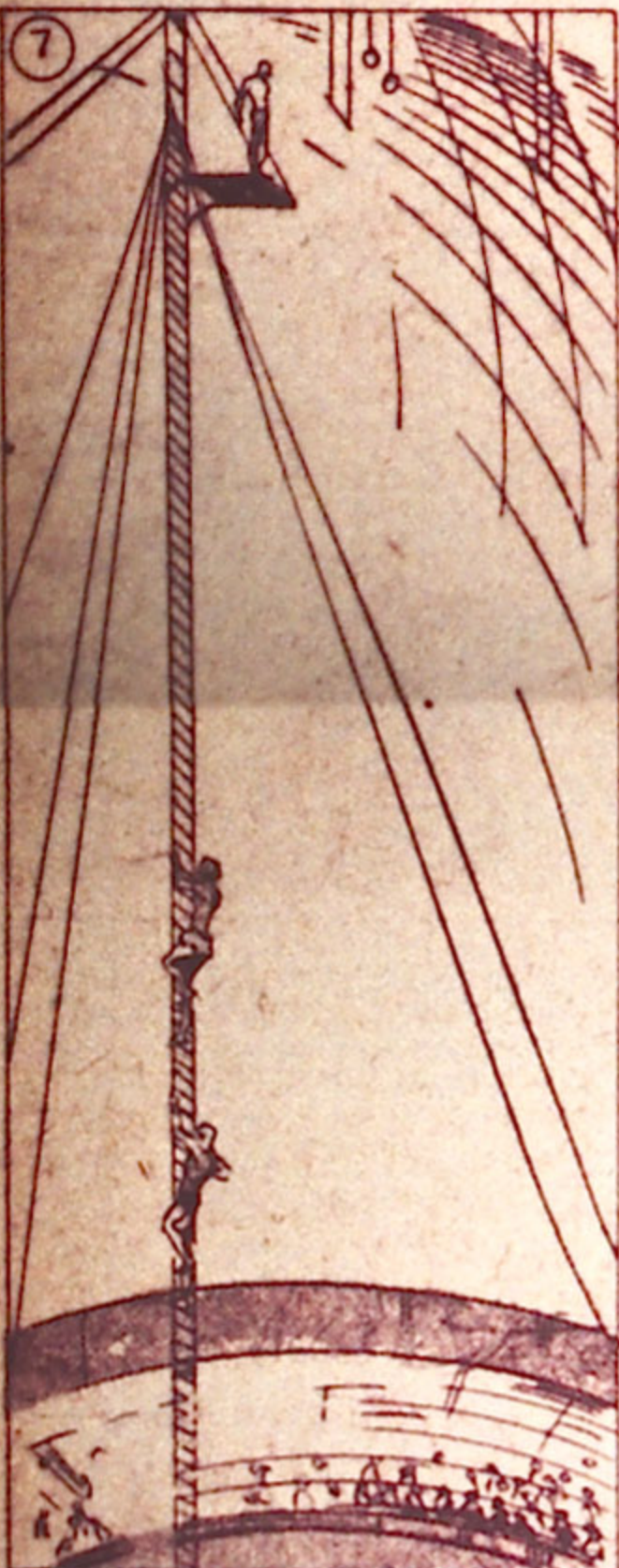
WHY, IT'S WORTH THE CIRCUS TO SEE YOU TOO, COSMO--WE'VE A LOT OF OLD TIMES TO TALK OVER.

OF COURSE YOU'LL STAY AND SEE THE OPENING PERFORMANCE?





THEY SIT DOWN FRONT AS THE SHOW BEGINS. TO THE FANFARE OF THE TRUMPETS AND DRUMS THE HUGE AND COLORFUL PAGEANT ENTERS THE ARENA.



THEN IT BREAKS INTO THE VARIOUS ACTS BEGINNING WITH THE AERIAL PERFORMERS. TWO MEN AND A WOMAN CLIMB TO THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF THE TENT ROOF.



BALANCING PRECARIOUSLY ON A NARROW PLATFORM AND AS THE ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP, ONE OF THE MEN SWINGS OUT INTO SPACE.



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE TRAPEZE ROPES SNAPS AND THE MAN HURTTLES TOWARD A CRUSHING DEATH.



LIKE A FLASH THE GIRL DIVES DOWN INTO THE PATH OF THE FALLING FIGURE. ---



11

---AND TO THE WILD APPLAUSE OF THE SPELLBOUND AUDIENCE SHE CATCHES HIM AND CARRIES HIM TO SAFETY.



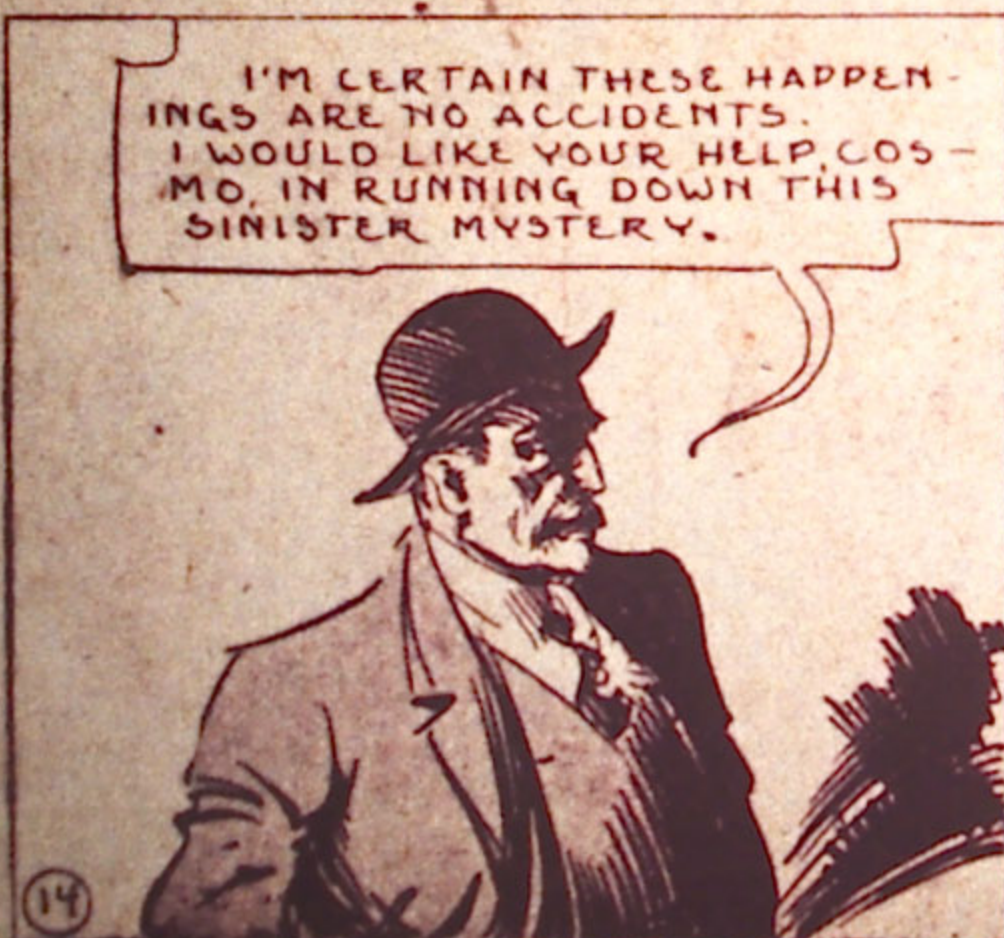
12

REYNOLDS MODS HIS BROW. "COME OUTSIDE, COSMO, THERE IS SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT."



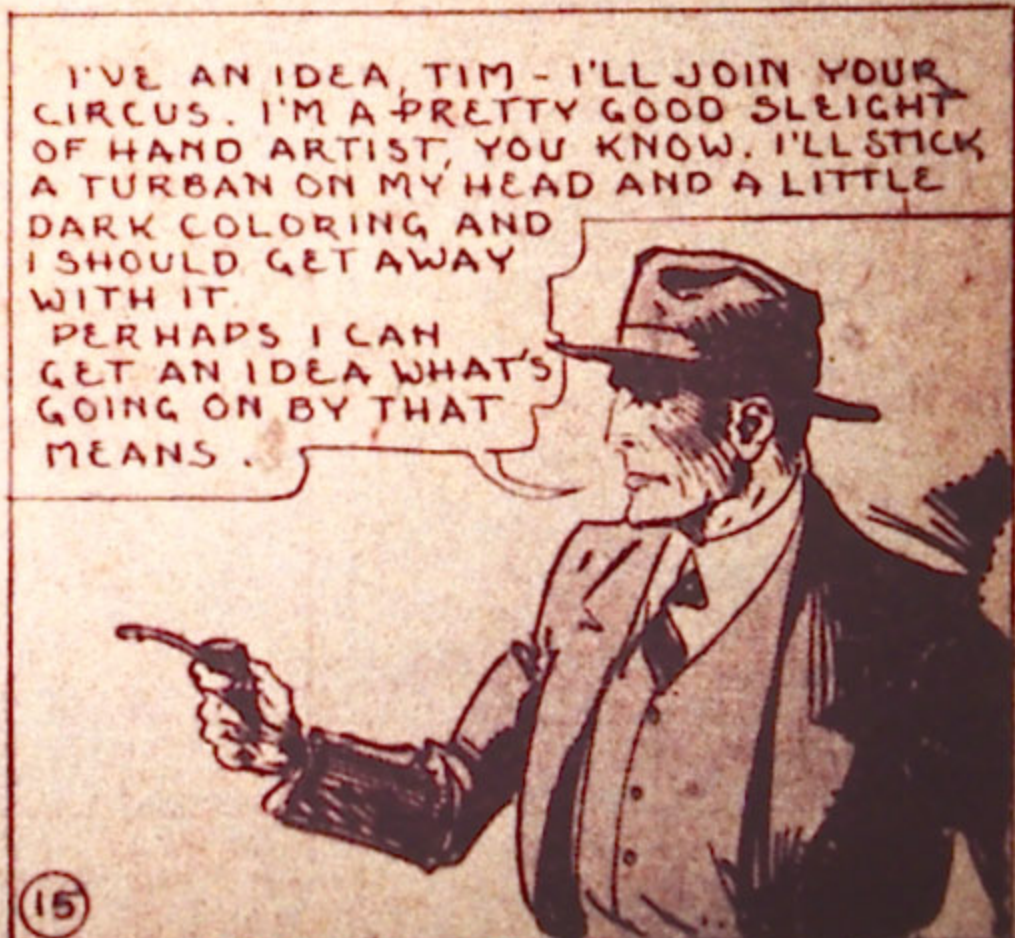
13

FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS INCIDENTS LIKE THIS ONE HAVE BEEN OCCURRING --- ALWAYS CENTERED ABOUT THE GIRL IN THE TRAPEZE ACT. SO FAR THERE'S BEEN NO SERIOUS RESULT OUTSIDE OF ONE MAN BREAKING HIS ARM.



14

I'M CERTAIN THESE HAPPENINGS ARE NO ACCIDENTS. I WOULD LIKE YOUR HELP, COSMO, IN RUNNING DOWN THIS SINISTER MYSTERY.



15

I'VE AN IDEA, TIM - I'LL JOIN YOUR CIRCUS. I'M A PRETTY GOOD SLEIGHT OF HAND ARTIST, YOU KNOW. I'LL STICK A TURBAN ON MY HEAD AND A LITTLE DARK COLORING AND I SHOULD GET AWAY WITH IT. PERHAPS I CAN GET AN IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON BY THAT MEANS.



16

A FEW DAYS LATER HE IS INTRODUCED TO SHEILA, THE BEAUTIFUL AND YOUNG GIRL MEMBER OF THE TRAPEZE TROUPE.



17

SHE IS ENGAGED TO MARRY PAUL, THE TALL AND HANDSOME YOUTH WHOSE LIFE SHE HAD SAVED A FEW DAYS BEFORE.



18

ONE NIGHT, AFTER CLOSE VIGILANCE, COSMO SEES THE DARK SHADOW OF A MAN SKULKING OUTSIDE THE GIRL'S LIVING QUARTERS.



19

COSMO HURRIES AFTER THE MAN, BUT HE VANISHES INTO THE BLACK ALLEYS BETWEEN THE CIRCUS CARS.



20

THE NEXT MORNING AS COSMO WALKS TOWARD REYNOLDS' OFFICE A SHOT RINGS OUT AND A BULLET WHISTLES PAST HIS HEAD.



21

HE RELATES THE INCIDENT TO THE CIRCUS OWNER.



22

THAT AFTERNOON AS HE GOES TO JOIN THE PARADE HE SEES SHEILA TALKING TO A MAN.



23

HE FAILS TO IDENTIFY THE MAN WHO IS DRESSED IN A CLOWN'S COSTUME.



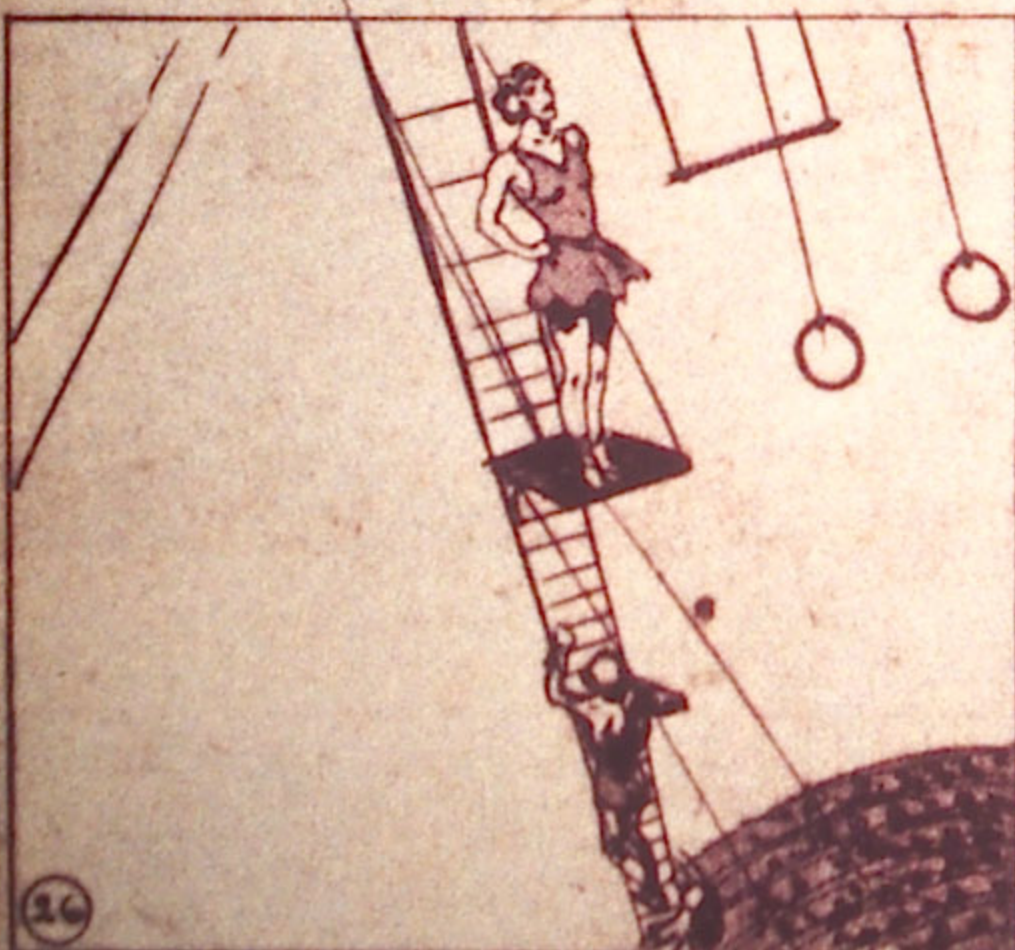
24

BEFORE COSMO CAN REACH THE COUPLE, THEY'VE LOST THEMSELVES IN THE PARADE.



25

COSMO MUST HASTEN IN ORDER TO PUT ON HIS ACT.



26

THE PARADE IS OVER AND AGAIN SHEILA AND HER TWO PARTNERS CLIMB THE ROPE-LADDER TO BEGIN THEIR ACT.



27

THIS TIME SHEILA'S ROPE SNAPS AND SHE DASHES EARTHWARD. COSMO HOWEVER HAS TAKEN THE PRECAUTION TO ERECT THE SAFETY NET, BREAKING HER FALL.



28

THE EPISODE ISN'T OVER---SUDDENLY THE DOOR TO THE TIGER CAGE MYSTERIOUSLY OPENS AND THE ROARING BEAST STALKS OUT.



29

THE FIGURE OF A CLOWN IS SEEN SLINKING BACK OF THE CAGE, ENDEAVORING TO HIDE. COSMO RECOGNIZES HIM AS THE ONE TALKING TO SHEILA EARLIER IN THE EVENING.



30
COSMO AND THE GIRL STAND PERFECTLY STILL. THE AUDIENCE IS SILENT WITH HORROR.



31
THE BEAST, FREED FROM HIS BARRED CELL, SUDDENLY HALTS, PUZZLED.



32
THEN HE ESPIES THE CRINGING CLOWN --- WITH A SNARLING SCREAM HE IS UPON HIM, RIPPING AND TEARING THE MAN TO A GORY, SHAPELESS PULP.



33
THE BEAST IS FINALLY SUBDUED AND THE GIRL, SHAKING WITH FRIGHT, IS LED BACK TO REYNOLDS' OFFICE.

THIS CLOWN, BERPO, HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ME AND BECAME MURDEROUSLY JEALOUS OVER PAUL'S ATTENTIONS TO ME AND THREATENED BODILY HARM TO EITHER PAUL OR ME. IT WAS HE WHO HAD CUT THE ROPE ON THE TRAPEZE --- BUT I DIDN'T DARE ACCUSE HIM LEST HE'D SHOOT PAUL THERE AND THEN, A THING HE HAD OFTEN THREATENED

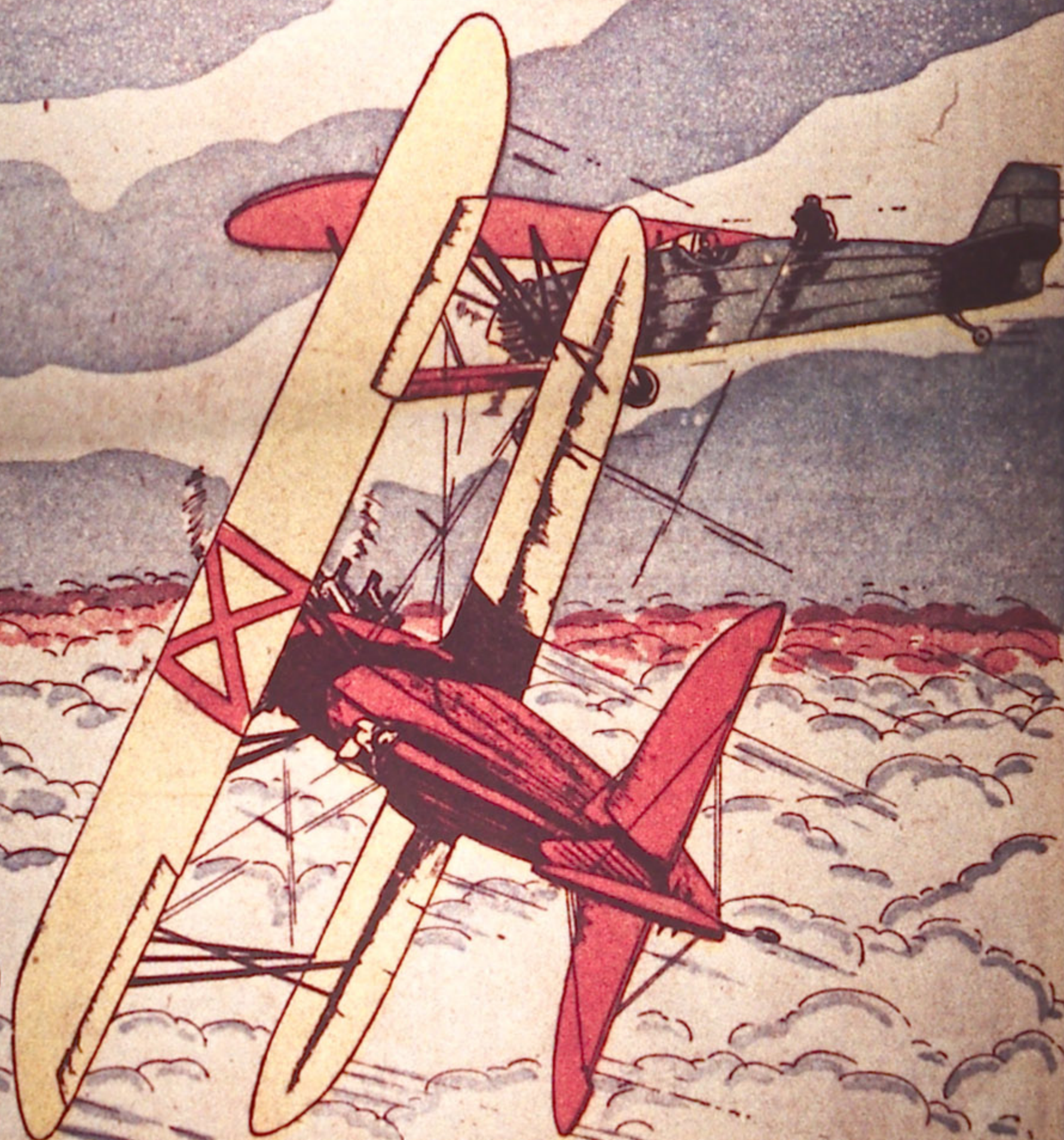


34
HYSTERICALLY SHE RELATES THE WHOLE STORY LEADING UP TO THE GRUESOME CLIMAX OF THE EVENING.

MURDER IN THE CLOUDS

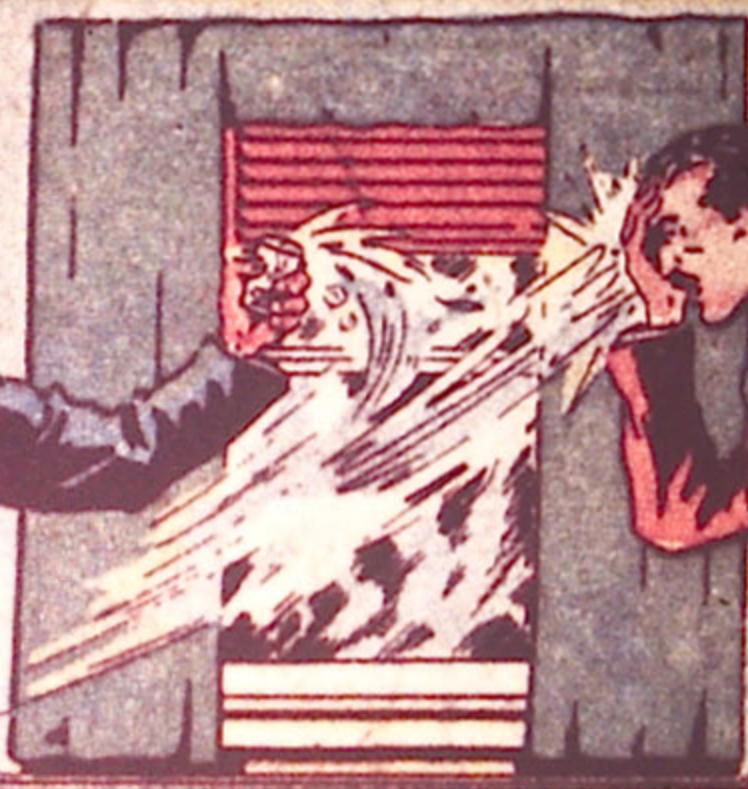
PART II

BY - TOM HICKEY.



AS WARD, THE BLACKMAILER, PULLED HIS GUN AND ORDERED NELSON FROM THE APARTMENT, NELSON CALMLY TOOK A DRINK OF HIS GINGERALE. SUDDENLY HE HURLED THE CONTENTS OF THE GLASS INTO WARD'S EYES.

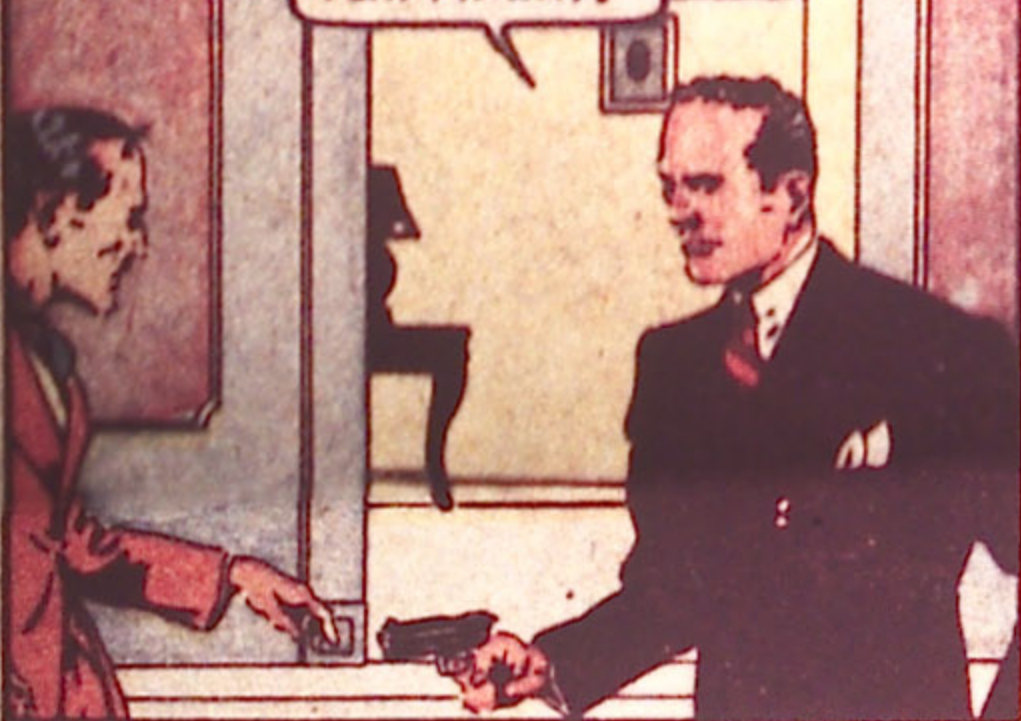
HAVE SOME GINGERALE, WARD!



Oww!

AS THE TEMPORARILY BLINDED WARD PAUED AT HIS EYES, NELSON WRENCHED THE GUN FROM HIS GRASP.

ALL RIGHT WARD, NOW WE'LL PLAY MY WAY.



NELSON'S LEFT ARM SHOT OUT IN A LONG EFFORTLESS BLOW THAT SENT WARD SPINNING INTO A CHAIR.



BETTER TALK WARD, OR AT THE POINT OF THIS GUN YOU'LL TAKE THAT PLANE WITH CRANDALL TOMORROW. YOU'LL PROBABLY DIE OF APOPLEXY BEFORE THE EXPLOSION REALLY COMES OFF!



ALL RIGHT NELSON, YOU WIN. I'M ONLY OUT TWENTY GRAND BY TALKING. BUT WHEN I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOU HAVEN'T A THING AGAINST ME.



THE BOMBS ARE IN SUITCASES THAT GO ON BOARD THE PLANES. THE EXTORTIONIST HAS SEVERAL PORTERS WORKING FOR HIM. ONE OF THE CROOKED PORTERS SPOTS ANYONE OF THE PASSENGERS WHO IS MAKING THE TRIP.



HE NOTICES THE TYPE OF SUITCASE THAT PASSENGER IS CARRYING. SOME PLACE IN THE AIRPORT THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF SUITCASES. THERE'S ALWAYS ONE THAT MATCHES ONE BELONGING TO SOME PASSENGER.



I'VE GOT IT! THE PORTER SWITCHES SUITCASES, AND ONE OF THE PASSENGERS CARRIES THE BOMB ABOARD INSIDE THE SUBSTITUTED SUITCASE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.



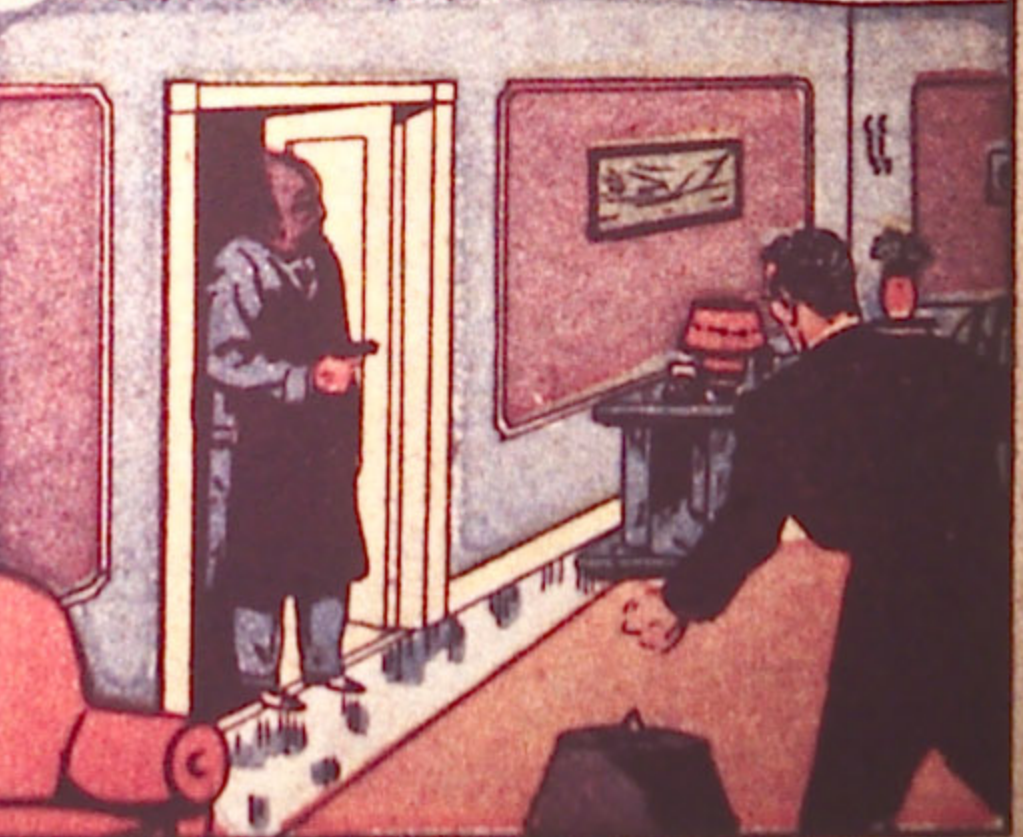
SHIFTY LEVIS IS PROBABLY THE CROOKED PORTER AT THIS END OF GREAT AMERICAN. RIGHT? BUT WHO IS THE BIG SHOT? WHO IS THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF WARD?



WARD'S FACE SUDDENLY WENT WHITE. HE STARED AT THE DOOR BEHIND NELSON.



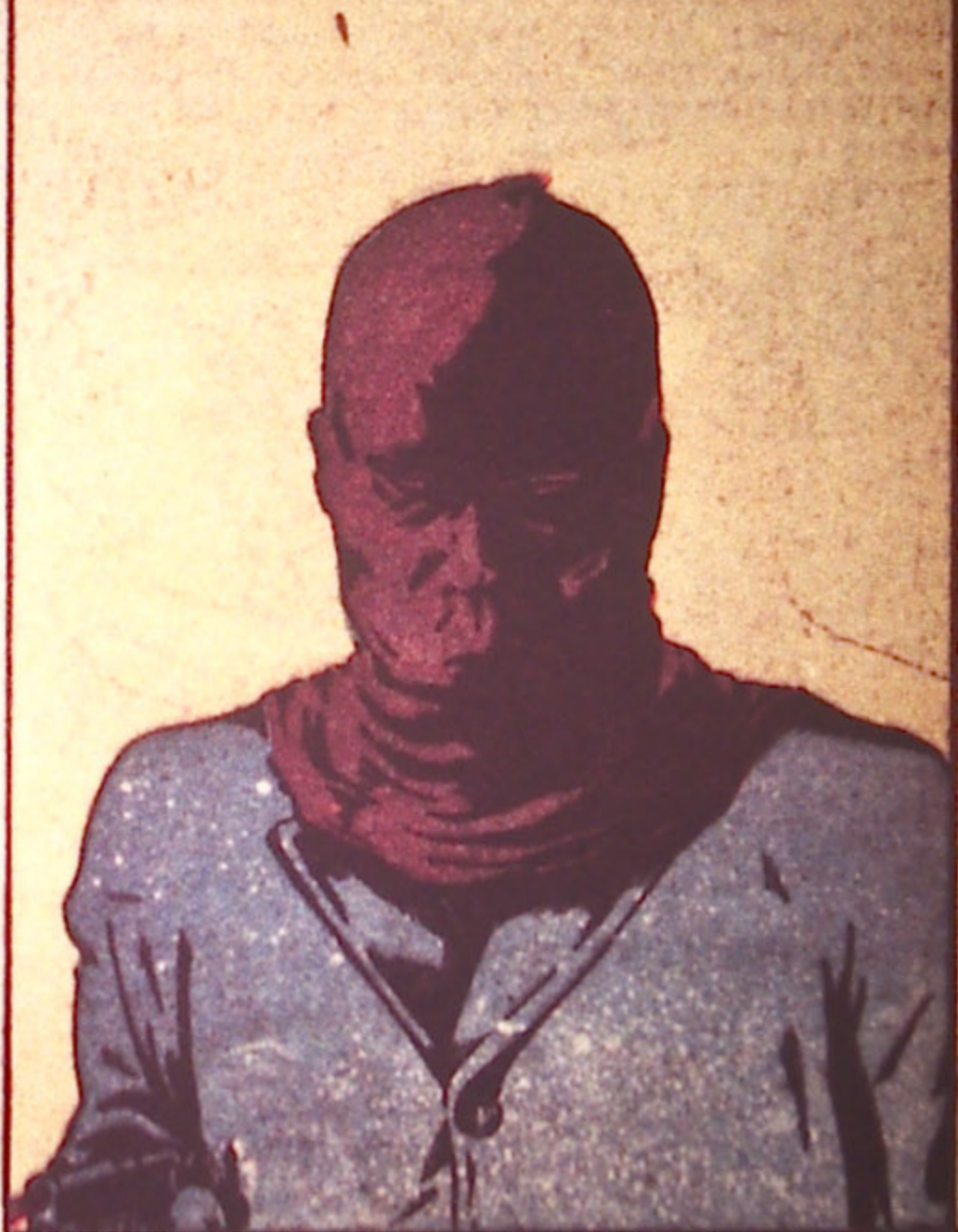
NELSON WHIRLED, THERE IN THE DOORWAY STOOD A DARK, HOODED FIGURE.



HE JERKED AT THE TRIGGER OF HIS GUN, FORGETTING FOR THE MOMENT THAT AUTOMATICS HAVE SAFETIES.



IN THOSE PRECIOUS LOST SECONDS THE GUN OF THE HOODED FORM ROARED FORTH.



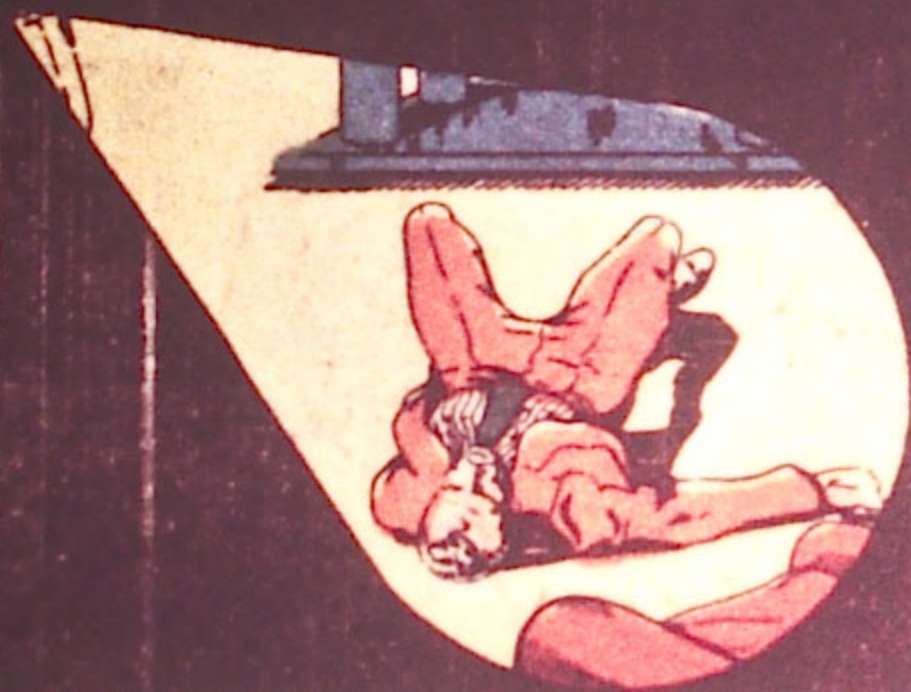
THE SHOT WHIZZED CLOSE BY NELSON. AS THE GUN ROARED AGAIN HE DUCKED INSTINCTIVELY AND SHOT FOR THE LIGHT. HE HIT IT AND THE ROOM WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.



THEN HE EMPTIED HIS GUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOORWAY. THERE WAS SUDDEN SILENCE.



NELSON TURNED ON HIS FLASHLIGHT. THE ROOM WAS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THE FIGURE OF WARD STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR.



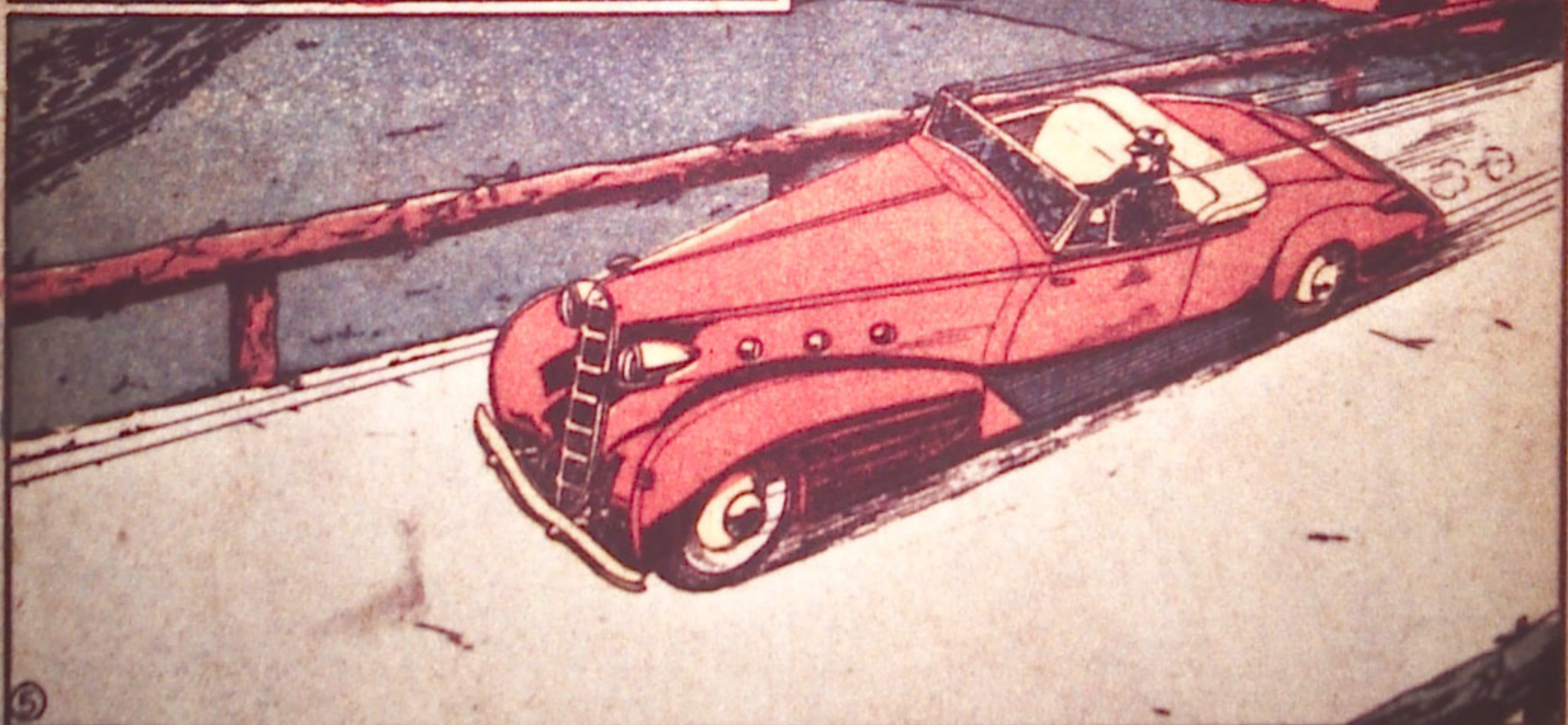
WARD! WARD! LET'S GET THAT GUY! WHO IS HE?



I'LL NEVER FIND OUT FROM WARD. THAT FIRST SLUG GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE CHEST. I'D BETTER SCRAM OUT OF HERE. I THINK I HEAR A POLICE WHISTLE.



HE WENT OUT A SIDE ENTRANCE TO AVOID THE COPS, JUMPED IN HIS CAR AND RACED FOR HOME.



AS SOON AS HE REACHED HOME HE CALLED CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, STEVE HARRISON'S HOME. MRS. HARRISON ANSWERED.

WHY NO, DRUCE, HE ISN'T HERE. HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN HOME TO SUPPER.



NELSON HAD NO SOONER REPLACED THE PHONE THAN IT RANG.

HELLO MR. NELSON. THIS IS MR. CLIFFORD. I'VE FOUND SOMETHING. MAY I COME OVER AND SHOW IT TO YOU? YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TOO? THAT'S FINE!



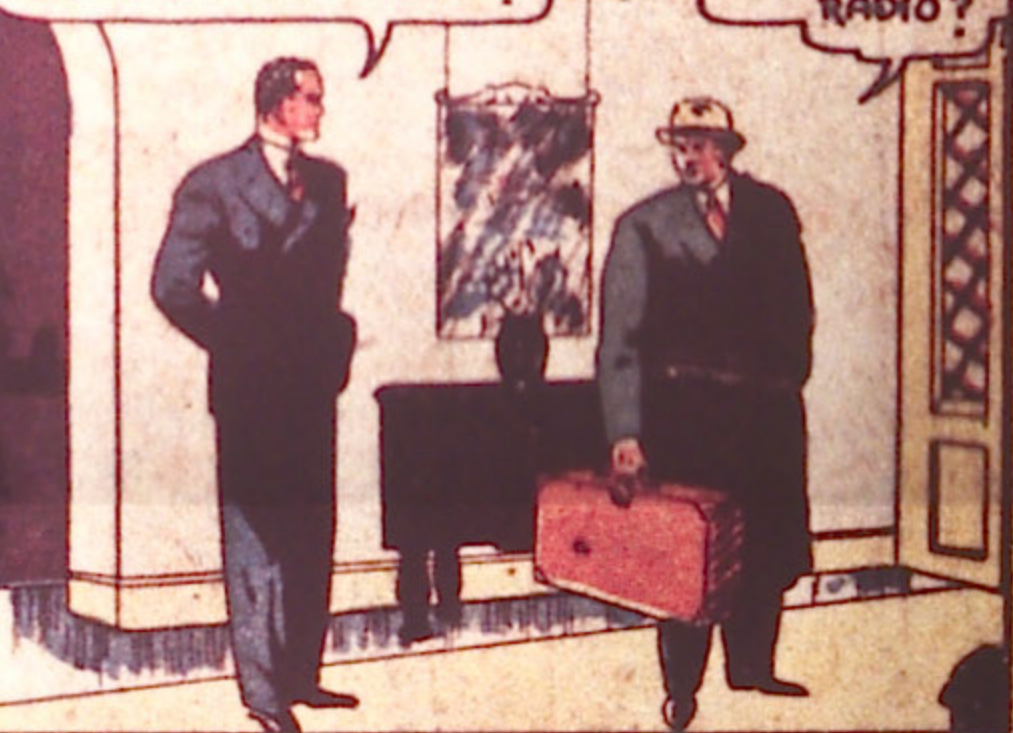
HE POURED HIMSELF A GLASS OF Sarsaparilla AND SAT SIPPING IT THOUGHTFULLY WHILE HE WAITED FOR CLIFFORD.



THE BELL RANG AND NELSON ADMITTED CLIFFORD CARRYING A LARGE SQUARE SUITCASE.

SO, YOU'VE BROUGHT THE RADIO. WHERE'D YOU PICK IT UP?

HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS A RADIO?



ALWAYS KEEP TWO JUMPS AHEAD OF EVERYBODY CLIFFORD. I KNEW IT HAD TO BE RADIO. THERE HAD TO BE A FINGER TO TOUCH OFF THOSE BOMBS IN THE PLANES. THE SUITCASES - THE FAKE ONES CARRIED ABOARD BY SOME PASSENGER - CONTAINED THE BOMBS AND ALSO ULTRA-SHORT WAVE RECEIVERS.



THE KILLER WASN'T FOOL ENOUGH TO RIDE IN THE SAME PLANE HE INTENDED TO BLOW TO BITS. THE ONLY CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE PLANE AND THE KILLER HAD TO BE A RADIO.



NOW, WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

OF ALL PLACES—AT THE AIRPORT! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU.



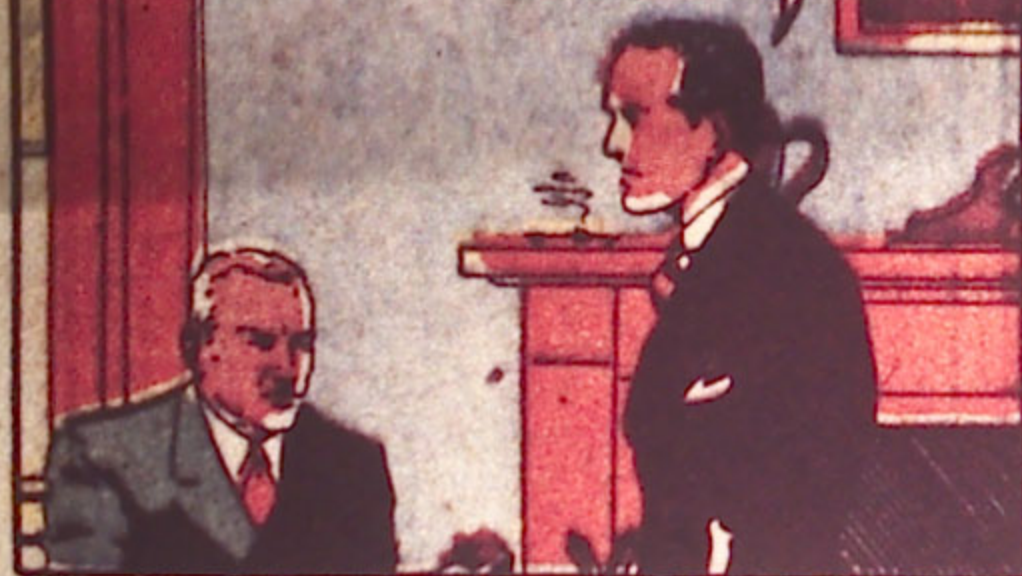
HE OPENED THE SUITCASE, REVEALING A SMALL, BATTERY-OPERATED SHORT WAVE TRANSMITTER.

THE CONDENSERS SEEM TO BE FIXED FOR A CERTAIN WAVE. THE SET SOUNDS ONLY ONE HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL. THE RECEIVER, PLACED ALONG SIDE OF THE BOMB ON THE PLANE, IS TUNED TO THAT ONE SIGNAL.



IT IS THE SOUND VIBRATIONS FROM THE RECEIVER THAT SET OFF THE BOMB BY MEANS OF AN ELECTRICAL CONNECTION.

AND THAT WAY THE KILLER COULD BLOW A PLANE THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM THE TRANSMITTER, COULDN'T HE?



NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?

I WENT TO SEE WARD.

YES, WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SAY?

I FOUND OUT THAT SOMEBODY HAS BEEN USING WARD'S NAME TO SIGN EXTORTION NOTES.



WHO?

YOU!



YET I RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM CLEVELAND SIGNED WARD. RATHER A TOUGH JOB FOR ME TO SEND A WIRE TO MYSELF, DON'T YOU THINK?



VERY TOUGH! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THAT TELEGRAM WAS SENT BY WARD. HE WAS AFTER HUSH MONEY. HE SAW ALL THAT WENT ON AT THE CLEVELAND AIRPORT THE DAY OF THE FIRST PLANE EXPLOSION — HOW ONE OF YOUR PORTERS SWITCHED SUITCASES WITH A PASSENGER;



HOW YOU RAN AFTER THE PLANE AND MISSED IT, THEN YOU PRESSED THE SWITCH ON THE SIDE OF YOUR RADIO-SUITCASE, SETTING THE TRANSMITTER WORKING. THE FIXED RECEIVER IN THE FAKE SUITCASE ABOARD THE PLANE CONTACTED THE SIGNAL, AND FIRED THE BOMB.



THAT CRACK UP RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF ROGER DUMONT — HE WAS THE ONE YOU HAD THREATENED, WASN'T IT? HE WAS THE ONLY RICH MAN ON THE SHIP AND JUST THE TYPE OF MAN TO IGNORE YOUR EXTORTION NOTES. AFTER THE CRASH, YOU PROBABLY JUMPED ABOUT YELLING HOW LUCKY YOU WERE TO JUST MISS THAT PLANE. SWELL ALIBI CLIFFORD!



YESTERDAY, WHEN WE WERE IN YOUR OFFICE, YOU BLEW UP THE PLANE JUST OUTSIDE OF DETROIT. YOU MUST HAVE A MUCH LARGER TRANSMITTER IN YOUR DESK AT THE OFFICE. WE ALL HEARD THE SIGNAL. YOU SAID IT WAS A RADIO BEACON. BUT THE BRUTAL PART OF IT IS THAT YOU KILLED TWO DOZEN PEOPLE TO GET THREE.



IT WAS WORTH IT. I'VE CLEANED UP ABOUT ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FROM THAT RACKET. AND I'VE JUST ABOUT RUINED GREAT AMERICAN AIRWAYS. JUST ABOUT EVERYONE PAID UP WITHOUT QUESTION, AND THE FEW I HAD TO KILL BY MEANS OF THE AIRPLANE CRASHES HAVE SO FRIGHTENED OTHERS THAT GREAT AMERICAN CAN HARDLY GET A PASSENGER.



IT'S GOING TO RUIN THEIR BUSINESS — GOING TO RUIN LONG, THE OWNER. HOW I HATE THAT MAN! HE RUINED MY BROTHER IN WALL STREET. CAUSED HIM TO COMMIT SUICIDE. IT'S SWEET REVENGE! REVENGE WITH A NEAT PROFIT!



YOU DON'T SAY? BUT AFTER WARD STARTED TO BLACKMAIL YOU, YOU BEGAN TO GET SCARED. YOU USED WARD'S TELEGRAM TO THROW SUSPICION ON HIM. THEN YOU SIGNED WARD'S NAME TO THE EXTORTION NOTE YOU SENT TO CRANDALL. WHEN THE POLICE HEARD OF THAT, YOU KNEW THEY'D LAY THE BLAME OF ALL THE AIRPLANE EXPLOSIONS ON WARD.



YOU MEANT TO BUMP OFF WARD - MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE, IF YOU COULD. WITH WARD DEAD THE EXTORTION BUSINESS WOULD STOP. THE POLICE WOULD THINK THE CASE WAS CLOSED. YOU'D BE SCOT FREE. BUT WHAT TRIPPED YOU WAS THE NOTE YOU SENT TO CRANDALL.



IT WASN'T QUITE WARD'S TECHNIQUE. THAT SHOWED ME YOUR WHOLE PLOT, HOW YOU WERE DIRECTING SUSPICION AWAY FROM YOURSELF —
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TOMY SARSAPARILLA?



POURING PRUSSIC ACID INTO IT. YOU'RE GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

NOT TONIGHT, MY FRIEND!



CLIFFORD KNELT BESIDE HIS SUITCASE AND PLACED HIS HAND ON THE SWITCH THAT WOULD SET OFF THE RADIO BOMB.

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I SHOWED YOU HOW MY RADIO-SUITCASE WORKED? TONIGHT, I PERSUADED STEVE HARRISON THAT HE MIGHT CATCH THE KILLER BY BOARDING THE DENVER PLANE THERE'S A BOMB ON THAT PLANE.



YOU'LL COMMIT SUICIDE, BRUCE NELSON. I KNOW YOUR TYPE — VERY UNSELFISH, GAME AS A TROUT. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HARRISON AND SEVEN OTHERS BLOWN OUT OF SPACE. SO GO AHEAD, DRINK HEARTILY.



NELSON SLOWLY RAISED THE GLASS.

I WONDER IF I CAN WORK THE SAME TRICK ON HIM THAT I PULLED ON WARD. ANYWAY, I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE BY TAKING A CHANCE.



HE RAISED THE GLASS AS FAR AS HIS LIPS, THEN SUDDENLY, WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A CAT, HE HURLED THE LIQUID FULL INTO CLIFFORD'S EYES.



THEN HE DROVE FORWARD FEET FIRST AND KICKED THE SUITCASE FROM BENEATH CLIFFORD'S FINGERS BEFORE HE COULD GRASP THE SWITCH AGAIN.



BUT BY THE TIME HE HAD SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, CLIFFORD STOOD BEFORE HIM WITH AN AUTOMATIC POINTED AT HIS MIDDLE.

FIRE AWAY CLIFFORD. IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD FOR I'M GOING TO KILL YOU WITH THESE BARE HANDS. YOU FILTHY BUTCHER!



COLD SWEAT STOOD OUT ON CLIFFORD'S BROW AND HIS HAND SHOOK AS NELSON ADVANCED TOWARDS HIM. BUT HE FIRED. THE FIRST SHOT RIPPED THRU NELSON'S SLEEVE AND THE SECOND LODGED IN HIS THIGH.



BUT HE CAME ON WITH A COLD DESPERATE FURY. IN A SECOND HE WAS ON CLIFFORD HIS POWERFUL FINGERS REACHING FOR THE KILLER'S THROAT.



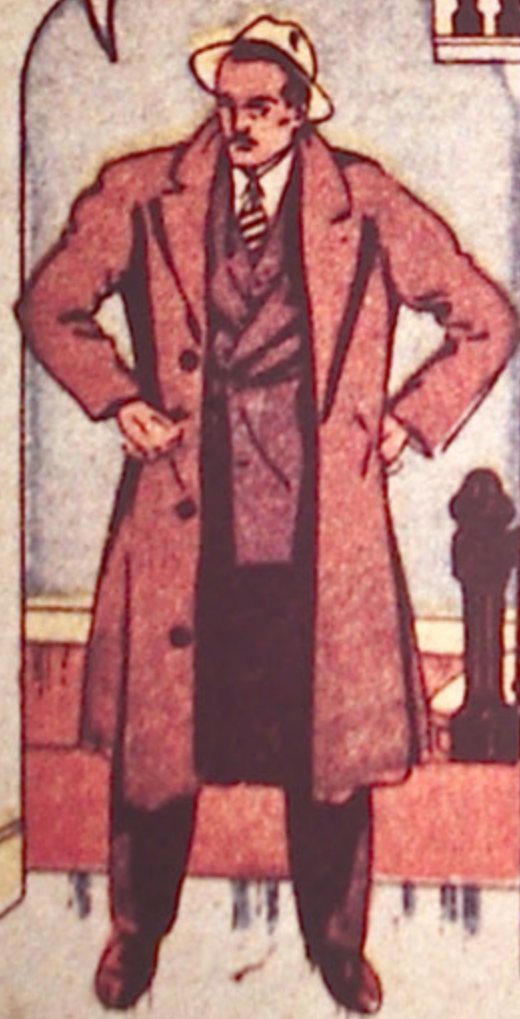
THEY CRASHED TO THE FLOOR. WHIPPED INTO A WILD FURY BY THE SLUG IN HIS THIGH. NELSON WAS SLOWLY CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF THE GASPING CLIFFORD.

I'M KILLING YOU, YOU ROTTEN BUTCHER! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN POISON?



JUST AT THAT MOMENT THERE WAS A VOICE FROM THE DOORWAY BEHIND NELSON.

WELL FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD BRUCE! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'? SHOWING CLIFFORD SOME NEW WRESTLING HOLDS?



NELSON CLIMBED SLOWLY TO HIS FEET AND FACED THE NEW COMER WITH A PERPLEXED LOOK. CLIFFORD LAY GASPING ON THE FLOOR, TOO WEAK TO MOVE.

STEVE - STEVE HARRISON! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THAT DENVER PLANE?



WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA I WAS ON THE DENVER PLANE AND WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS BRAWL WITH CLIFFORD?

IT'S A LONG STORY BUT HERE IT IS IN A NUTSHELL.



SO NELSON RELATED TO CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, HARRISON, THE STORY CLIFFORD HAD TOLD HIM ABOUT THE FATED PLANE BEARING HARRISON AND THE SEVEN OTHER PASSENGERS.

HIS STORY WAS JUST A BLUFF IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET RID OF YOU. WHY, I HAVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE AIRPORT. THERE ISN'T EVEN A PLANE OUT FOR AN HOUR YET. I JUST DROPPED IN HERE BY ACCIDENT. BUT YOU SURE DID A SWELL JOB OF STRANGLING CLIFFORD! HE'S JUST COMING TO.

YOU'D BETTER SLAP THE CUFFS ON HIM. IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S BLUFFED HIMSELF RIGHT INTO THE CHAIR.



AND NOW I THINK I'LL HAVE SOMETHING—A LITTLE STRONGER THAN Sarsaparilla. WILL YOU JOIN ME STEVE?

I SURE WILL BRUCE. AND I'LL DRINK TO YOUR WOUND, AND ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE!



~ CONCLUSION ~ 72

DENTAL DETECTIVE

By
PAUL DEAN

THE British Museum was not as crowded this particular Sunday afternoon as it might have been ordinarily. Perhaps it was the inclement weather that kept the people indoors. Clouds of heavy fog rolled through the London streets and those hardy souls who dared to venture forth felt the icy sting of wind-driven sleet in their faces. The busses rumbled along the thoroughfares to the accompanying symphony of hissing tires and honking horns.

The Haycox exhibit was on the third floor. A portly guard stood by the door to the long room gazing absentmindedly at the half dozen people who strolled about. He sighed contentedly and smiled to himself, for his thoughts were of closing time and of the mug of ale and fish and chips that awaited him when he returned home.

The small glass cabinet to the right was what attracted the attention of the persons who had come to view the exhibits. Resting on a smooth mound of black velvet within the enclosure was a string of perfectly cut blue-white diamonds, each stone a duplicate of the other and each of them the size of a green pea. This string of diamonds, small though it was, formerly nestled with other priceless jewels in the strongbox of the late Czarina of Russia. The wealthy sportsman, Frederick Haycox acquired it after the revolution and a dozen years later loaned it to the Museum for exhibition.

The value of the string could not be ascertained, but an article in the press stated that Lloyds had issued a policy on it in excess of 100,000 Pounds or \$500,000 in American currency.

The guard strolled over to the window and peered into the murky fog.

One of the visitors, a thin bent man with bushy gray hair, leaned over the cabinet and devoured the priceless string with hungry eyes. His gloved hands were clasped together as if in respectful meditation.

Suddenly, across the room, there was a commotion.

The guard turned from the window and hurried to where several of the visitors were grouped about a young woman.

"What's the trouble? Anybody hurt?" he asked.

"This woman was standing beside me and then the next minute she collapsed!" one of the men replied, supporting the unconscious lady.

The woman's eyes fluttered open and she passed a hand over her forehead. Someone returned with a glass of water and she sipped it slowly.



"Are you all right?" the guard questioned.

"I am now, thank you," she smiled. "I must have had a dizzy spell."

Strangely enough, the thin man at the cabinet did not turn even once during the excitement. Rather, he seemed to bend further over the glass case and his gloved hands appeared to move unbelievably fast.

Then he swung around and joined the visitors gathered around the woman who had fainted.

"I think I had better go," she said. "Will someone please call me a cab?"

"Gladly," said the bushy-haired man, and hurried out.

Three minutes after they had gone, the guard walked passed the cabinet and stopped suddenly in his tracks. His mouth fell open and his eyes popped

The string of diamonds had disappeared!

"YOU did very well, my dear," said the thin man, lighting a cigarette and dropping his coat on the arm of a chair.

"I even surprised myself," she laughed. "Sometimes I think I should have been an actress. Imagine the fun I could have and the money I would be paid."

The man smiled and pulled off the bushy, gray-haired wig. "Perhaps, but not one tenth as much as you'll receive for that little act you pulled in the Museum."

He took off his gloves and wiped the make-up paint from his face. Then from his vest pocket he drew the string of diamonds and held them in the palm of his hand.

"They're gorgeous . . . magnificent," the woman whispered. "But what are we going to do next?"

"Everything's arranged, my dear," the man said. "Tonight we sail on the Laronia for New York. Our passports are in order and everything is packed, and once we are out of England the world is ours!"

Inspector Simms leaned against the rail of the boat and gazed at the setting sun sinking like a ball of fire into the blue waters of the Atlantic. The Laronia was four days out of Southampton and two days from New York. And still



Simms had no proof that Maurice Banks and his wife were the ones who stole the Haycox diamonds from the British Museum. He did know, however, that this clever gem thief was aboard the Laronia. The Department had picked up their tracks immediately after the jewels had disappeared but could find no tangible evidence that Banks was in any way implicated.

"If Banks has the diamonds, I must be certain he is found with them before he leaves the boat at New York," Simms thought to himself. "However, this may be a wild goose chase."

He lit his briar and strolled down to the dining salon. He paused on the threshold and looked over people sitting at the various tables.

He espied Banks and his wife dining at one of the small tables in a far corner. Simms' mind worked rapidly . . . now would be the time to search Banks' cabin.

He strode swiftly down the passageway and took the lift up to Deck B. He came to the gem thief's cabin and unnoticed, stepped inside.

He flicked on the light and began a methodical search. Bags, closet, beds, rugs, chairs and dressing table . . . but still he could find nothing.

He straightened up, puzzled; and he cast his eye about the cabin, hoping to detect something he had overlooked. There was nothing, except on the dressing table stood a glass of water in which rested a set of false teeth.

Simms lifted the glass and took the artificial teeth out of the water.

He scrutinized them closely and then his face brightened with a smile. He replaced the teeth in the water and set the glass back on the table. And closing the door, he left the cabin whistling a happy tune.

THE Laronia was finally nosed into the pier at New York and the gangplank was lowered to admit the waiting Customs officials.

Simms showed his credentials and hurried down the pier to the Customs office and ten minutes later stood by the side of one of the inspectors as they greeted Maurice Banks and his wife leaving the vessel.

"But I've already had my baggage inspected," he protested.

"I know that," replied Simms, "but the Customs inspector would like to see your teeth. He overlooked them before."

"That's ridiculous! Who ever heard of inspecting teeth?"

"Come, come, Banks," ordered Simms sharply. "We're wasting time."

His wife paled and Banks nervously withdrew his false teeth from his mouth. Simms took them and snapped a small spring on the side of them. The teeth divided and in the hollow recess of each tooth was a perfect diamond.

"Didn't you find them rather hard to chew on?" Simms asked, placing handcuffs on Banks' wrists.

THE END

SPY

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SALLY AND BART RECEIVE
AN UNUSUAL ASSIGNMENT
FROM THE HEAD OF THE
U.S. SECRET SERVICE
BUREAU IN FRANCE!

THE SON OF A PROMINENT
AMERICAN POLITICIAN
HAS BEEN SQUANDERING
A FORTUNE AT THE GAMBLING
CASINOS. WE'VE
ORDERS TO CURB HIS
EXTRAVAGANCES!

SO NOW WE'RE
TO TURN NURSE-
MAIDS!

THAT SHOULD
BE EASY FOR
ME, BART, AFTER
HAVING LOOKED
AFTER YOU
FOR SO LONG!

A MISSION OF THIS
SORT REQUIRES
—ER— PLENTY
OF CASH!

HERE'S
3000 FRANCS.
THAT SHOULD
BE SUFFICIENT!

3000 FRANCS!
—YOU BET
IT WILL!

HERE'S THE INFORMATION
I GOT ABOUT THE CHAP:
NAME, PETER RAWLEY;
AGE, 23 YRS; FINANCES,
UNLIMITED, BUT IF HE
KEEPS THIS UP THEY
WON'T BE FOR LONG;
AND CATEGORY,
PLAY-BOY.

SO THIS IS HIS
PHOTO! HE LOOKS
HANDSOME, BUT
A TRIFLE PARCHED
BETWEEN THE
EARS!

THAT EVENING
AFTER GOING
THE ROUNDS OF
THE GAMBLING-
HOUSES, SALLY
AND BART
FINALLY COME
UPON YOUNG
RAWLEY

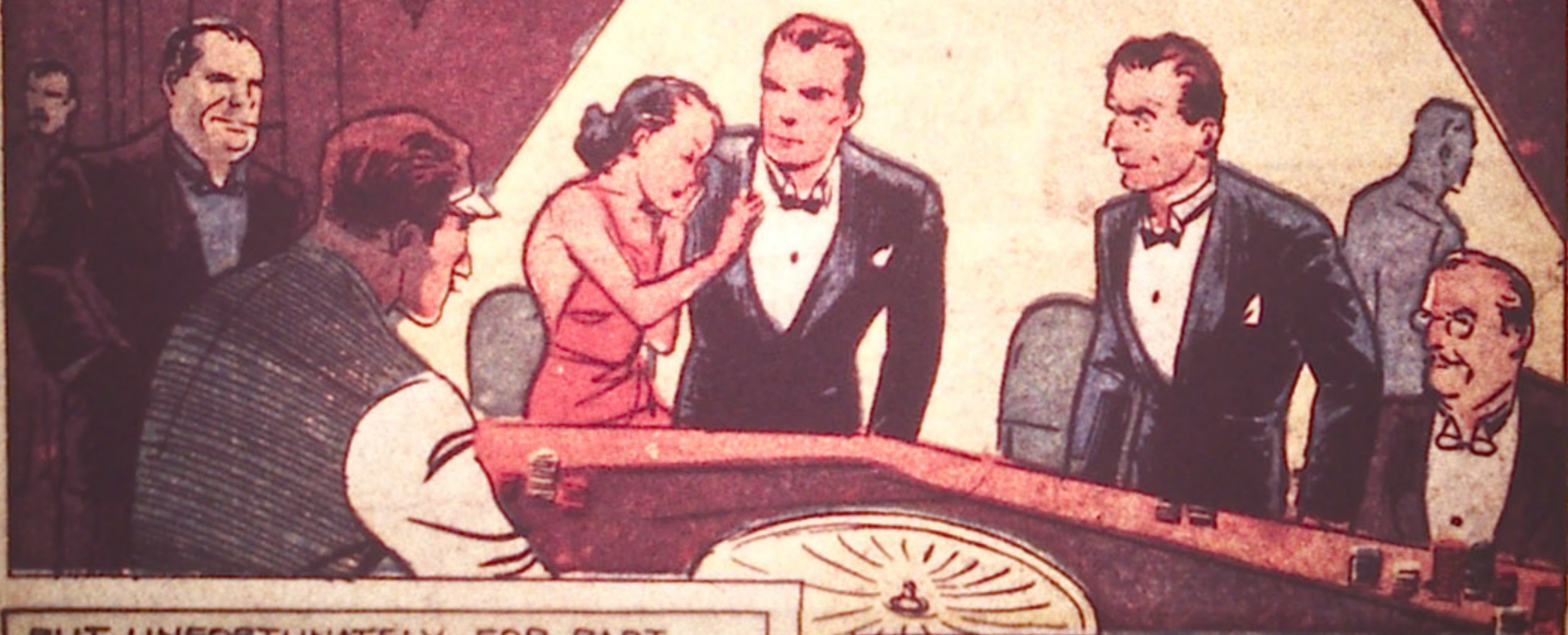
PS-ST! —
THAT'S HIM
THERE AT
THE TABLE!

GOOD! —
GO INTO YOUR
ACT!



IT'S ALL LOST!
EVERY CENT WE
HAD IN THE WORLD!
ALL OUR SAVING
AND DENYING FOR
NOTHING!

THERE! THERE!
— AT LEAST WE'VE
LEARNED A VALUABLE
LESSON! — GAMBLING
NEVER PAYS!



BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR BART
AND SALLY, AT THAT MOMENT PETER
HITS A WINNING STREAK.

YOU ARE
VERY LUCKY,
MONSIEUR!

HOT ZIGGETY!
— I KNEW MY
LUCK WOULD
CHANGE!

IN AN EFFORT TO DISSUADE RAWLEY
FROM HIS GAMBLING, SALLY AND
BART TAKE POSITIONS BESIDE
HIM AND ENACT A HEART-REND-
ING DRAMA!



IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL HAVE TO
CHANGE OUR
TACTICS!

HE WON'T LISTEN
TO REASON. AND
SO NOW FOR:
VIOLENCE!



LEAVING
THE CASINO,
SALLY AND
BART WAIT
IN HIDING
FOR RAWLEY
TO EMERGE
WITH HIS
WINNINGS —
THEIR
VIGILANCE
IS SOON
REWARDED!

HERE HE
COMES!

GOT YOUR
MASK SET?

5000 — 6000 —
8000 FRANCS!
WHEW! SOME
HARVEST!

AS PETER COMES ABREAST
OF THEM, BART AND SALLY
CONFRONT HIM, AUTOMATICS
DRAWN.

YOU WILL PLEASE
HAND THE LADY
THOSE FRANCS,
MONSIEUR!

BUT — — YOU
CAN'T DO THIS!
THIS MONEY
IS MINE!

YOU MEAN
IT WAS
YOURS!

IN ANSWER TO A HISSED COMMAND
RAWLEY TURNS AND DASHES OFF AT
TOP SPEED. . .

IM THRU WITH
GAMBLING! YOU EITHER
LOSE, OR YOUR WIN-
NINGS ARE STOLEN
FROM YOU!



SWERVING BARKING PISTOLS,
GALLY AND BART LEAP AT THE
HIJACKERS AND PUT THEM
OUT OF COMMISSION WITH THE
AID OF SOME EXPERT JU-JITSU!

HOW'S
THAT, BART?

PRETTY GOOD!
— BUT WATCH
THIS!



THAT WAS EASY —
HE WON'T COME
NEAR A CASINO
FOR A LONG
TIME!

HE PROBABLY
THINKS HE WAS
ROBBED BY THE
GAMBLING HOUSE'S
HIRELINGS!

YOU BEAT
US TO IT —
BUT WE HAVE
NOT COME
TOO LATE!

GIVE US
THAT
MONEY!



LATER — AT HEADQUARTERS . . .

YOU THREW SUCH A
SCARE INTO RAWLEY, HE
TOOK THE EARLIEST BOAT
BACK TO THE STATES
— WE'LL FORWARD
THE 8000 FRANCS TO
HIS DAD!

YOUR IMMEDIATE
ASSIGNMENT,
BART, IS TO
KISS ME!

BOY! —
SOME
ASSIGNMENT!



THE END

THE PINE ROAD MYSTERY

BY ALGER



— HE GROWLED AND GRUMBLED MOST OF THE TIME —



— ANNA, HIS FAITHFUL HOUSEKEEPER, WAS VERY PATIENT WITH HIM —



- BROWN RULED HIS HOUSEHOLD
WITH AN IRON HAND, INSISTING ON
ABSOLUTE PUNCTUALITY IN ALL THINGS -

SUPPER
AT SEVEN
SHARP!



YES.
OF COURSE

- HE ALWAYS NAPPED FOR
AN HOUR AFTER HIS
SUPPER AND WOE TO
ANYONE WHO DISTURBED
HIM! -



- AS DAY AND HIRAM PEABODY
WANTED TO RENT A PASTURE
FROM BROWN -

WE NEED
THAT MEADOW,
HIRAM!

LET'S
MAKE
BROWN
AN
OFFER!



- A FRIEND OF AB'S OVERHEARD
JOHN BOWERS SAY HE WANTED
BROWN'S PASTURE, TOO - AND TOLD AB -

I'LL MAKE
BROWN
AN OFFER
T'MORROW!



WE'LL STEAL
A MARCH ON
JOHN!

- SO AB AND HIRAM
DECIDED TO SEE
BROWN THAT
VERY NIGHT -



- AT EIGHT O'CLOCK ANNA
SHOWED THEM BROWN, SLEEPING -

WHY - TELL
CAP WE'LL CALL
T'MORROW



AND SHE EXPLAINED WHY HE
COULD NOT BE AWAKENED -

- AT 8:15 BEGGES PEEKED
AT BROWN, STILL
SLEEPING, AND
WENT TO HIS
ROOM TO
RETIRE -



— DOWN PINE ROAD LIVED AN ODD
CHAP CALLED DOPEY DAVIS —

I'M GOIN' FISHIN',
MAW!



YOU-KIN LAFF -
BUT ONCE I SEEN
A MOUNTAIN LION
IN THEM HILLS
YONDER!



— DOPEY ROAMED THE
SURROUNDING COUNTRY
AND TOLD TALL TALES
OF WILD ANIMALS
AND STRANGE FISH —

HE'S A
SORT OF
A WIT!

YOU MEAN
HALF WIT



— OPINIONS DIFFERED
AS TO DOPEY —

HE HAS
IMAGINATION!

AND HE'S
GIVEN US
MANY A
LAFF!



— BUT ALL
AGREED HE
WAS AN UNUSUAL
FELLOW —

— ON THE NITE OF AB AND HIRAM'S
CALL AT BROWN'S, DOPEY
STARTED OUT TO
FISH —



— HE STRUCK FIRST FOR
MAPLE LANE, JUST BACK
OF THE BROWN PLACE —



MAPLE L.

— AND OVER
BISHOP'S HILL —

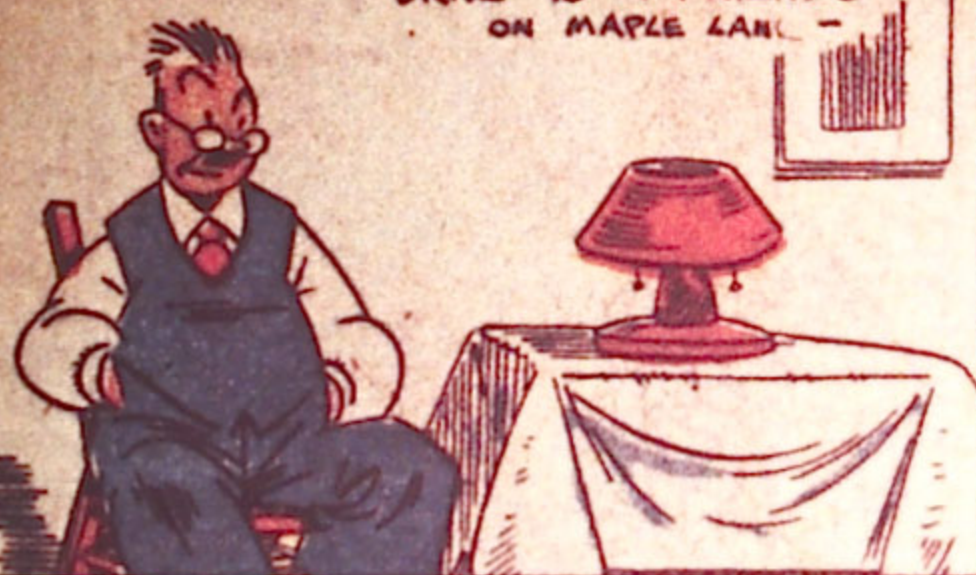


CUTTING THRU
BLACK'S WOODS



I'LL GO SEE
THE SMITHS
T'NITE!

- AND THAT SAME NITE BILL
EDWARDS DECIDED TO
DRIVE TO A FRIEND'S
ON MAPLE LANE -



I'LL BE
BACK AT
NINE, ELLA!

- AND, ALSO ON THAT
NITE, BANKER FLINT
WENT FOR HIS USUAL
WALK ALONG
MAPLE LANE -



EVENIN',
SAM!

- FLINT PASSED SAM WHITE
AND WENT ON DOWN TH' LANE -

EVENIN',
MR. FLINT!



- AS DOPEY TARRIED
TO LISTEN TO AN OWL
HE HEARD TWO MEN
QUARRELING- IN
THE LANE JUST
BELOW HIM -



- HE HURRIED TO
WHERE HE
COULD SEE -



HE'S
KILLED
'IM!

- THE BELL AT DREW'S
CORNER TOLLED EIGHT-
THREE SHOTS WERE
FIRED - ONE MAN
FELL TO THE ROAD -



- DOPEY RAN TO
HATFIELD'S PLACE
TO SPREAD THE
NEWS -



FLINT!

AT 8:10 EDWARDS DROVE UPON
THE SCENE AND TOOK THE
VICTIM, STILL BREATHING, TO
DR. JONES - BUT FLINT
WAS BEYOND SAVING -





- THE AUTHORITIES
COULD NOT
SOLVE THE
FLINT MURDER -



DAVIS, DID YOU
SEE FLINT KILLED?

YES,
SIR!

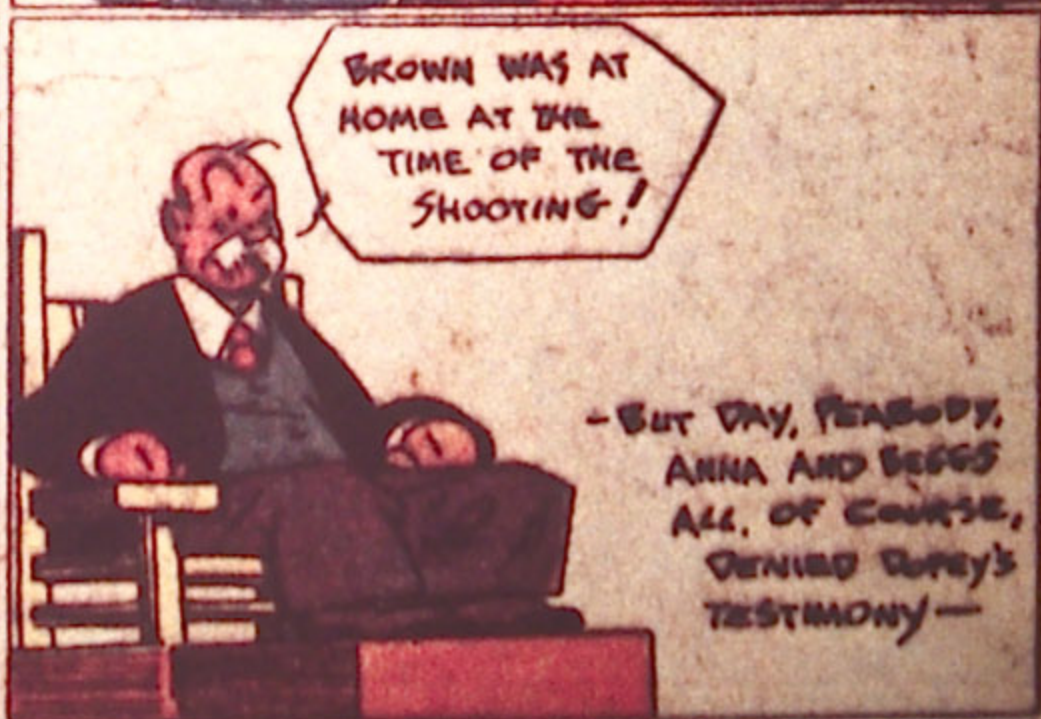
- AT THE
TRIAL -



WHO KILLED
REUBEN FLINT?

CAPTAIN
BROWN
!!

- DOPEY TOLD
HIS STORY -



BROWN WAS AT
HOME AT THE
TIME OF THE
SHOOTING!

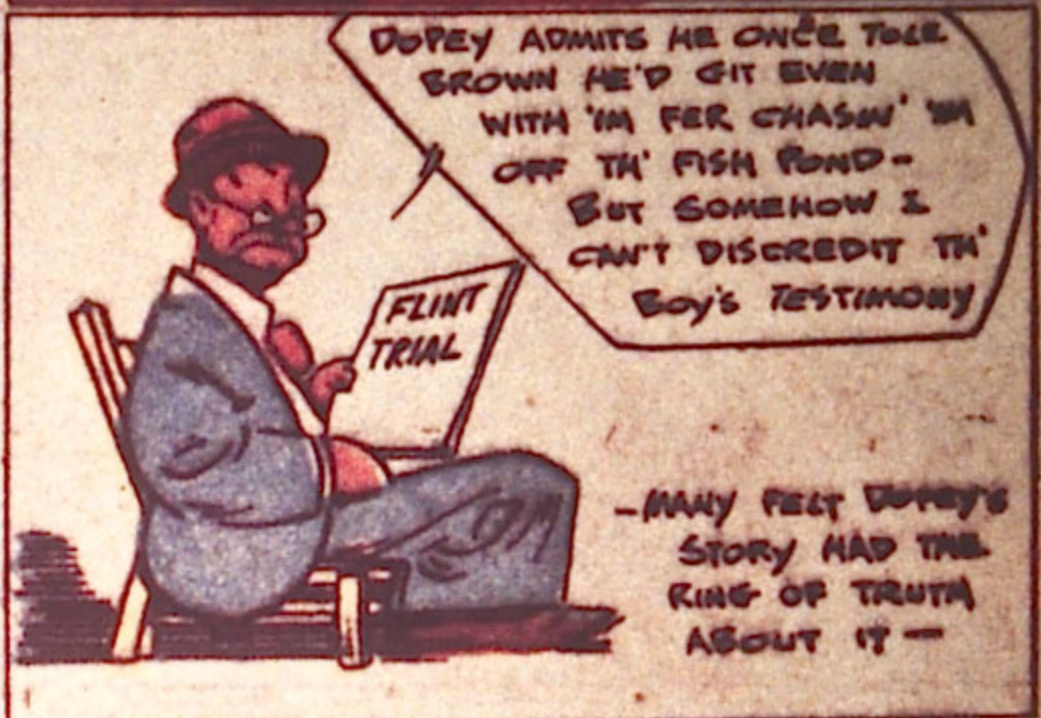
- BUT DAVE, PEABODY,
ANNA AND BEGG
ALL, OF COURSE,
DENIED DOPEY'S
TESTIMONY -



- HOW YUH GONNA TAKE A VILLAGE
SIMPLETON'S WORD AGAINST FOUR
FINE
PEOPLE?

I KNOW -
AND YET -

- PEOPLE
ARGUED
AND
ARGUED -



DOPEY ADMITS HE ONCE TOLD
BROWN HE'D GIT EVEN
WITH 'IM FER CHASIN' 'IM
OFF TH' FISH POND -
BUT SOMEHOW I
CAN'T DISCREDIT TH'
BOY'S TESTIMONY

- MANY FELT DOPEY'S
STORY HAD THE
RING OF TRUTH
ABOUT IT -



BOYS, LET'S CALL
IN ONE-SNIFF
MCGONIGLE!

- THE LOCAL COPS
DECIDED TO
HIRE A FAMOUS
SLEUTH FROM THE
EAST -

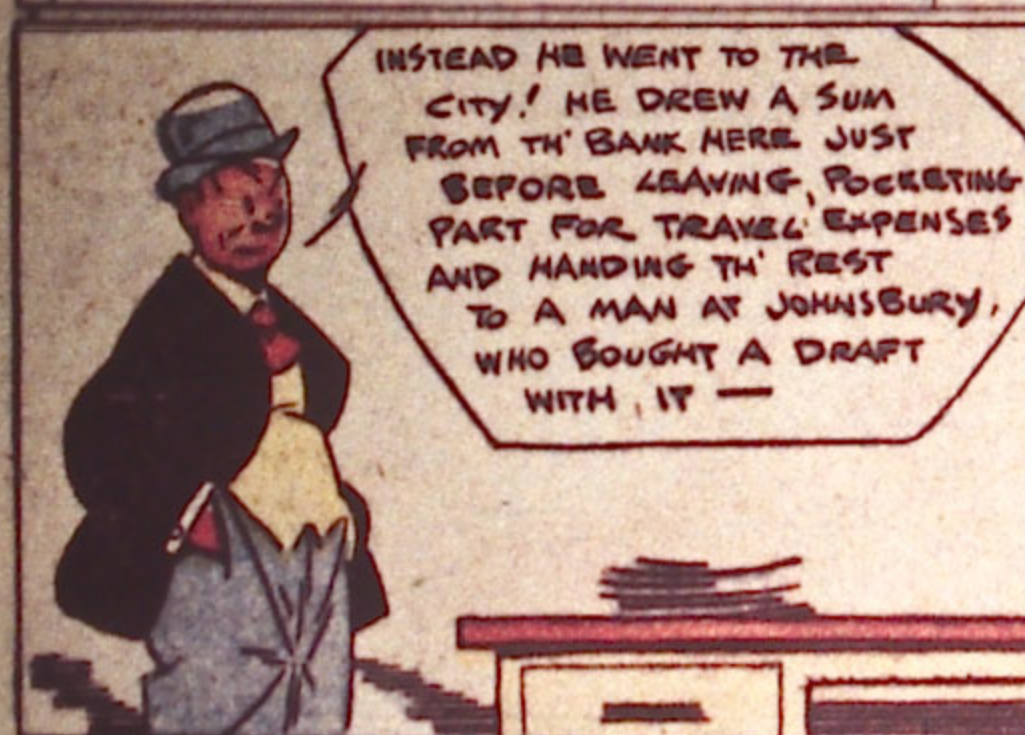


WE WANT
YOU TO
TAKE TH'
FLINT
CASE!

JUST WHEN
I WAS GON'
T' FLORIDA
FR SOME
FUN!

OH -
AW
RITE!





THERE'S ONLY ONE CAPTAIN BROWN
OF PINE ROAD. HE COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN IN TWO PLACES
WHEN FLINT WAS SHOT

IF DAVIS SAW BROWN
ON MAPLE LANE, WHO
OR WHAT DID FOUR
PEOPLE SEE IN BROWN'S
HOUSE?

IF YOU KNOW THAT,
MCGONIGLE, I'M
SURE WE'D THANK
YUH T' TELL US!

FOUR PERSONS,
LOOKIN' INTO TH'
CAPTAIN'S STUDY,
COULDN'T 'A' SUDDENLY
BECOME BEREFT O'
THEIR SENSES!

- BUT THEY COULD 'A' BEEN
DECEIVED BY AS CLEVER
A WAX FIGURE OF
A BEARDED OLD
MAN AS EVER
WAS MADE //

WELL-BURN MY
CLOTHES!
BUT WOT ABOUT
TH' TRACKS
IN THE LANE?

BROWN WORE A SPECIAL
PAIR OF SHOES THAT NITE -
THEY WERE FOUND IN HIS
TRUNK - THE REMAINS
OF THE FIGURE WERE
FOUND IN HIS FURNACE!

I'M LICKED! BUT FLINT DESERVED
WHAT HE GOT - HE WAS AS LOW AS THEY COME!

THE END

Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

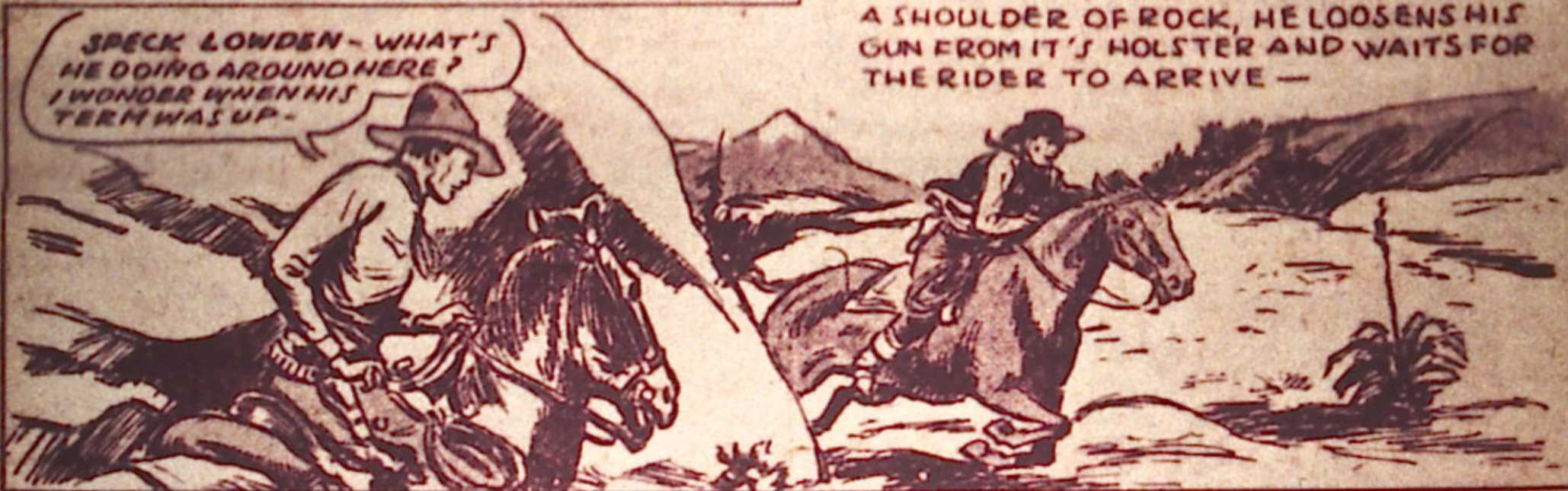
BY H. FLEMING



~ CROOKED TRAIL ~

BUCK SUDDENLY REINS HIS BRONCHO TO IT'S HAUNCHES, AS HIS EARS CATCH THE DRUMMING BEAT OF HORSE HOOFES — THEN, A FEW MINUTES LATER, A RIDER SWINGS INTO VIEW. PULLING BEHIND A SHOULDER OF ROCK, HE LOOSENS HIS GUN FROM IT'S HOLSTER AND WAITS FOR THE RIDER TO ARRIVE —

SPECK LOWDEN - WHAT'S HE DOING AROUND HERE? I WONDER WHEN HIS TERM WAS UP -



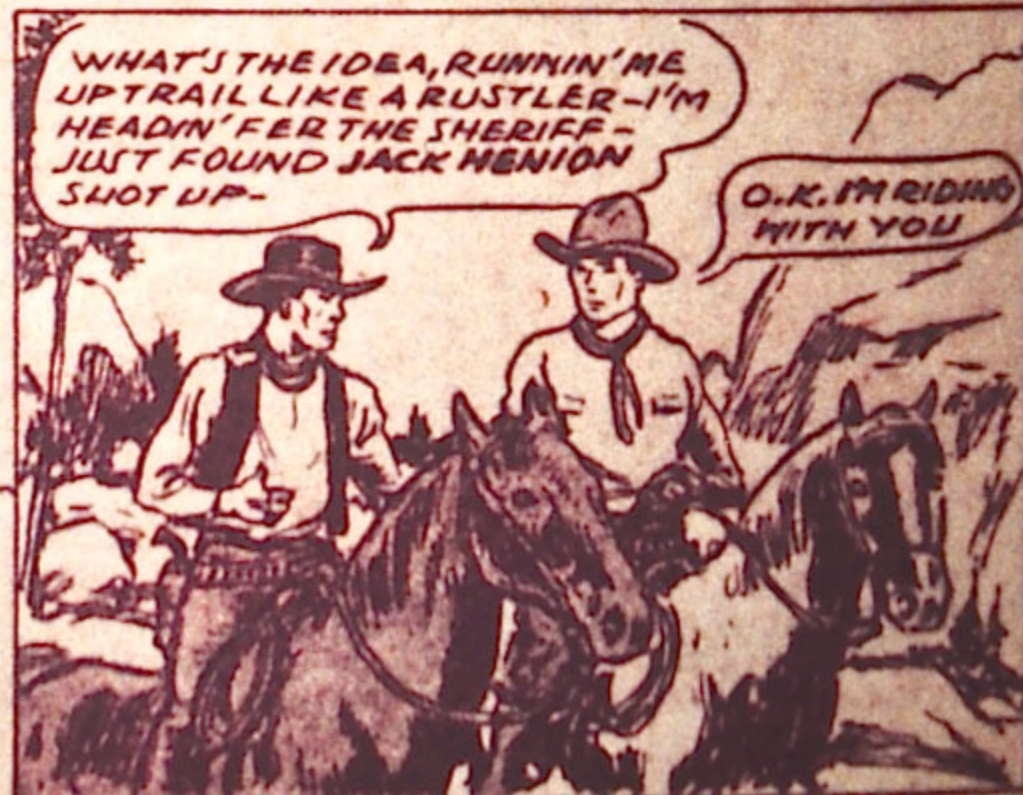
PULL UP SPECK! LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE, THERE'S SOMEONE YOU'RE KIND OF ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY FROM -



BECOMING SUSPICIOUS THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG BUCK SPURS HIS HORSE AND OVERTAKES HIM -

WHAT'S THE IDEA, RUNNIN' ME UP TRAIL LIKE A RUSTLER - I'M HEADIN' FER THE SHERIFF - JUST FOUND JACK MENION SHOT UP -

O.K. I'M RIDING WITH YOU



I STOPPED IN TO SEE MENION ABOUT
A HOSSTRADE. SETH SMITH THE BAR S
OWNER WAS THERE - THEY WERE QUARRIN'
I SAID I'D BE BACK - WHEN I
GOT BACK, I FOUND MENION LYIN'
ON HIS FACE, DRILLED
THROUGH THE HEAD!



ARRIVING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE
SPECK LOWDEN TELLS OF THE FINDING
OF MENION'S BODY -

WE'LL GO RIGHT OVER AND
SEE IF WE CAN CUT SIGN AROUND
THE PLACE - THE KILLER MUST
HAVE LEFT TRACKS. MENION
WAS A NESTER BUT I NEVER
HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM



MENION NEVER MADE
ANY HEADWAY - DID
A LITTLE RANGIN' AND
BROKE UP A HEAD OF
CATTLE -
HE LIVED ALONE

WHEN THE SHERIFF HAS SADDLED HIS
HORSE, THE THREE START FOR THE SECTION
ON THE EDGE OF THE ROUGH, WHERE MENION
HAS HOMESTEADED -



THERE'S NO EMPTY'S IN HIS
GUN - LOOKS LIKE
PLAIN MURDER, BUCK
WE'LL QUESTION
SETH SMITH

ARRIVING AT JACK MENION'S CABIN OF
ROUGH HEWN LOGS, THEY FIND THE BODY
BEFORE THE DOOR, COVERED BY THE BLANKET
LOWDEN SAID HE THREW OVER IT WHEN HE LEFT.



HE SAID HE WAS GOIN'
OVER TO SEE JACK MENION -
BROKE ONE ABOUT
THREE HOURS

THE BAR S IS A SMALL RANCH ADJOINING
THE LANDS OF JACK MENION - WHEN THEY
ARRIVE, THE FORDMAN TELLS THEM THAT
SETH SMITH HAS NOT RETURNED YET -



I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE'S
GONE TO YOUR OFFICE, SHERIFF,
TO MAKE A CHARGE AGAINST MENION
WE'VE BEEN LOSIN' STOCK, RIGHT
ALONG - WE JUST MISSED FOUR
BAR S THREE YEAR OLDS -
FOUND THE HIDES BURIED
BEHIND MENION'S SHED -

BUCK, AFTER YOU
HAVE LOOKED AROUND
ABIT, I'LL SEND SOMEBODY
TO LOOK AFTER
THE BODY-

O.K. SHERIFF
THERE'S TWO OR
THREE THINGS
I WANT TO CHECK
UP-



SAYING NOTHING TO THE FOREMAN ABOUT
THE KILLING, THE SHERIFF LEAVES FOR HIS
OFFICE, TAKING LOWDEN WITH HIM TO TRY
AND LOCATE SETH SMITH - BUCK RETURNS
TO MENION'S CABIN, TO CONTINUE HIS
INVESTIGATION -

PEPPER, I'LL LEAVE YOU UNDER
THIS COTTON WOOD, WHILE I
LOOK AROUND INSIDE



NOTHING IN HERE BUT
AFEW OLD BILLS -
HERE'S A MEMORANDA
BOOK - MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING IN IT



FINDING AN OLD ROLL-TOP DESK IN A
CORNER OF THE BACK ROOM, HE OPENS
IT AND LOOKS THROUGH THE PIGEON-
HOLES AND DRAWERS, FOR POSSIBLE CLUES.

HERE'S AN ITEM THAT HE ENTERED
YESTERDAY - HE DELIVERED
4 STEERS, SHOT AND DRAINED
TO BUTCH WEEVER SILVER CREEK



THE BAR'S
FOREMAN
SAID THEY
FOUND THE
HIDES BEHIND
THIS SHACK



PUTTING THE MEMO BOOK IN HIS POCKET,
BUCK GOES OUT TO THE SHACK IN THE
REAR OF THE CABIN -



THE TUMBLE-DOWN SHACK, EVIDENTLY
HAS NOT BEEN USED FOR SOME TIME -
PARTS OF OLD FARM IMPLEMENTS AND BITS
OF SADDLES AND HARNESS LIE SCATTERED
ABOUT - A THICK COAT OF DUST COVERS FLOOR
AND WALLS -

THE HAND THAT
MADE THAT PRINT
HAS A CROOKED
LITTLE FINGER -
THAT GIVES ME
A HUNCH



ON THE DIRT-ENCRUSTED FLOOR, FOOT PRINTS
SHOW PLAINLY, BUT THE PRINT OF A HAND
ON THE EDGE OF THE DUST COVERED
DOOR ATTRACTS HIS INSTANT ATTENTION.

HEELS RUN OVER ON SIDE -
THE JASPER THAT WEARS
THOSE BROAD HEEL BOOTS
SPENDS MORE TIME ON
THE GROUND THAN
IN THE SADDLE



STOOPING DOWN, HE CAREFULLY EXAMINES
THE FOOT PRINTS -

COME ON PEPPER, WE'LL
DUST OVER TO SILVER CREEK
FOR A LITTLE CHAT WITH
BUTCH WEEVER -



LEAVING THE SHACK, HE GOES BACK
TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS BRONCHO
GROUND-TIED - IN A FEW MOMENTS HE IS
ON HIS WAY TO SILVER CREEK -

SEEN ANYTHING
OF JACK HENION
LATELY, BUTCH?



NOT SINCE
YESTIDAY -
BROUGHT ME
FOUR STEERS
WITH HIS TEAM

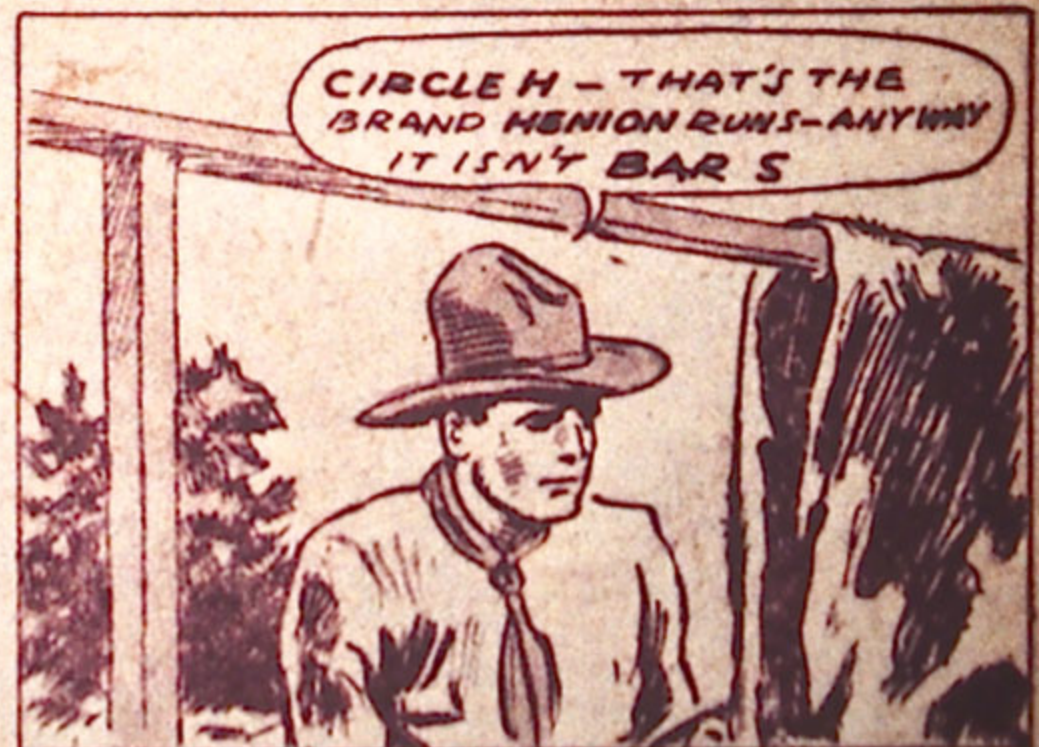
BUTCH WEEVER IS JUST LEAVING HIS
SHED, WHEN BUCK SKIDS HIS BRONCHO
TO A STOP -

DID YOU LOOK
CAREFULLY AT
THE BRANDS?

LOOK HERE, WHAT
ARE YUH DRIVIN' AT?
THERE'S THE HIDES
OVER THERE ON THE
RACK - LOOK FER
YERSELF!



CIRCLE H - THAT'S THE
BRAND HENION RUNS - ANYWAY
IT ISN'T BAR S



GOING OVER TO THE RACK, BUCK
EXAMINES THE BRAND MARKS ON
THE HIDES -

HORSE WAS TIED HERE -
STOOD FOR SOME
TIME -



RETURNING TO THE SHACK BACK OF THE
CABIN, BUCK MAKES A CLOSE SEARCH
FOR SIGNS - BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES
BACK OF THE SHACK, HE FINDS HOOF TRACKS
OF A HORSE -

HERE ARE TRACKS LEADING
UP - RIDER DISMOUNTED AND
WALKED - LED HIS HORSE



TIED HIS HORSE
AND WALKED
TO THE SHACK -
BUT ENTERED
BY THE WINDOW
INSTEAD OF THE
DOOR AROUND
FRONT -



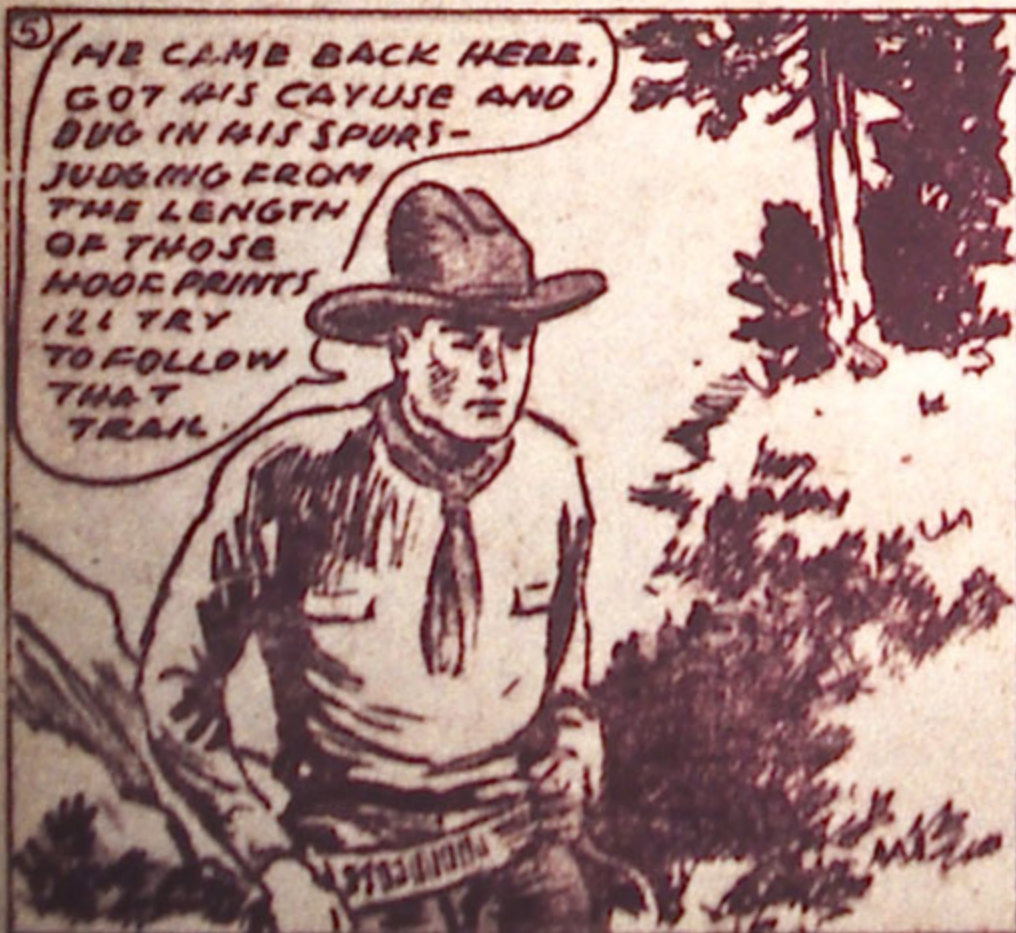
FROM THE CLUMP OF BUSHES BEHIND
WHICH THE HORSE HAD BEEN TIED, HE
FOLLOWS A VERY LIGHT TRAIL TO THE
REAR OF THE SHACK -

HE RAN FROM THE
SHACK - LONG
STRIDES - FOOT PRINTS
DEEP - SOMEONE MUST
HAVE BEEN APPROACHING -
HE DIDN'T WANT TO
BE SEEN IN THE
VICINITY -



EXAMINING THE GROUND AROUND
THE SIDE, BUCK FINDS PLAINLY MARKED
BOOT PRINTS IN THE SOFT EARTH, LEADING
FROM THE SHACK -

5 HE CAME BACK HERE,
GOT HIS CAYUSE AND
DUG IN HIS SPURS -
JUDGING FROM
THE LENGTH
OF THOSE
HOOF PRINTS
I'LL TRY
TO FOLLOW
THAT
TRAIL.



THAT LOOKS LIKE
THE HIDE-OUT PEPPER
I'LL HIDE YOU AND
GO THE REST OF
THE WAY A FOOT



THE TRAIL GROWS ROCKY, SHOWING FEW
SIGNS - FINALLY BUCK SEES A WISP OF
SMOKE - THEN THE ROOF OF A CABIN -



THE CABIN IS BUILT AGAINST A CLIFF. CREEPING UP FROM THE REAR, BUCK DISCOVERS A CREVICE RUNNING INTO THE ROCK WALL OF THE CLIFF, SCREENED BY BRUSH



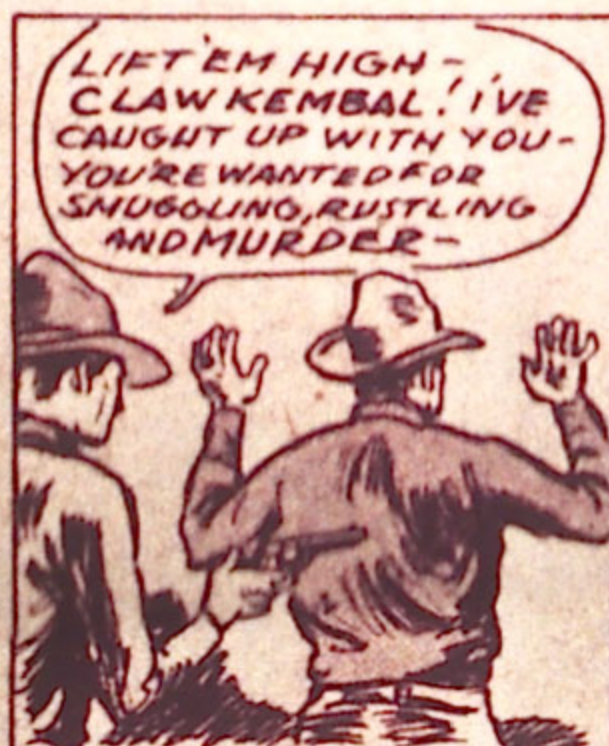
BACKING INTO THE CLEFT IN THE ROCK, HE FEELS SOMETHING GIVE WAY UNDER FOOT. SUDDENLY, WITH A LURCH, HE PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO A SHAFT-



WITH A CLATTER, HE LANDS ON A PILE OF HIDES - DAZED, HE LOOKS AROUND TO FIND HIMSELF IN A PIT, THE WALLS OF WHICH ARE LINED WITH BOXES AND BALES -



SUDDENLY, HE SEES AN IRON DOOR OPEN SLOWLY AND A HAND WITH A VERY CROOKED LITTLE FINGER, APPEARS ON THE EDGE -



AS A BURLY FORM STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR, BUCK STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS AND SHOVELS HIS GUN AGAINST HIS SPINE -



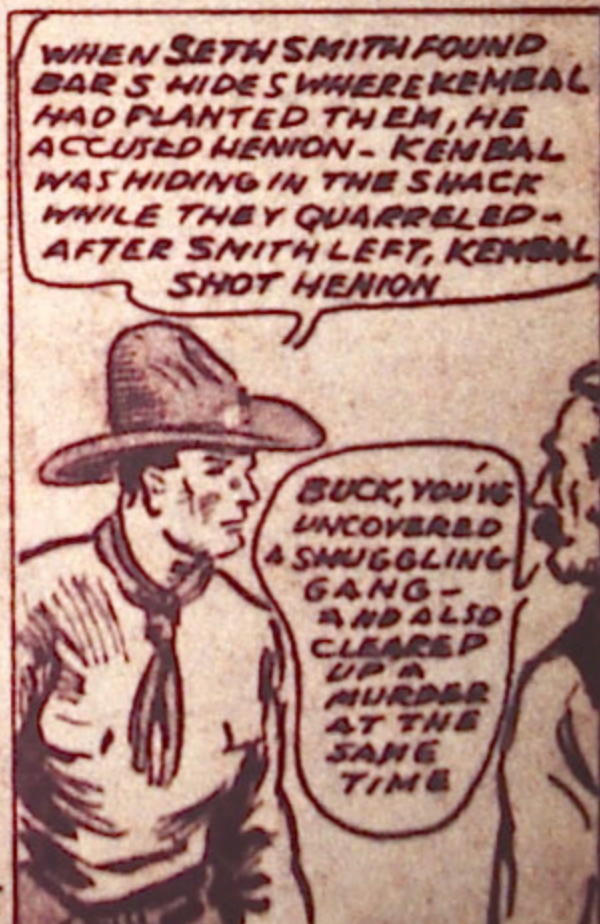
FORCING THE SNARLING OUTLAW TO LEAD, HE FINDS THAT THE DOOR ENTERS A TUNNEL THAT COMES TO THE SURFACE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CABIN - ROPING HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDES, BUCK TIES HIM ON HIS HORSE -



- IN A FEW HOURS, BUCK ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE WITH HIS PRISONER - THE SHERIFF LOSES NO TIME IN PUTTING HIM IN A CELL -



BUCK TELLS THE SHERIFF HOW HE TRAILED KEMBAL



SLAM

BRADLEY

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

JOE'S JOINT

S-SAY! IF TH' TOUGH MUGS IN THERE GET A GANDER AT OUR GET-UP, IT'LL BE LIKE WAVIN' A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF A BULL!

DON'T I KNOW IT? C'MON, HERE'S WHERE THE FUN STARTS!

THINGS HAVING PROCEEDED TOO QUIETLY DURING THE LAST SEVERAL DAYS TO PLEASE SLAM, OUR HARDBOILED DETECTIVE-PAL DECIDES TO DELIBERATELY STIR UP SOME EXCITEMENT. — DRESSED IN EVENING CLOTHES AND HIGH HAT, HE AND SHORTY SAUNTER ALONG THE WATERFRONT AND PREPARE TO ENTER THE MOST VILLAINOUS SALOON TO BE FOUND!

AS A CHAIR SWISHES DOWN TOWARD HIS SKULL, SLAM SUDDENLY DUCKS . . .

TAKE THAT!

OW-WW!

SORRY...
I DON'T
WANT IT!

BUT LET ME
OFFER YOU
THIS IN
RETURN!

LOOK OUT,
SLAM! HERE
THEY COME--
TH' WHOLE
MOB!

WHEE!
THIS IS MORE
FUN THAN GOIN'
TO THE MOVIES!

HEY!
WATCH IT!
Y'ALMOST GOT
ME ON THAT
SWING!

SEIZING THE LUCKLESS SAILOR, SLAM
USES HIM AS A HUMAN FLAIL TO BEAT
BACK THE OTHERS! -- DASHING
FROM ONE OPPONENT TO THE OTHER,
HE SMASHES THEM RIGHT AND LEFT
AS THO THEY WERE BUT BOWLING
PINS!

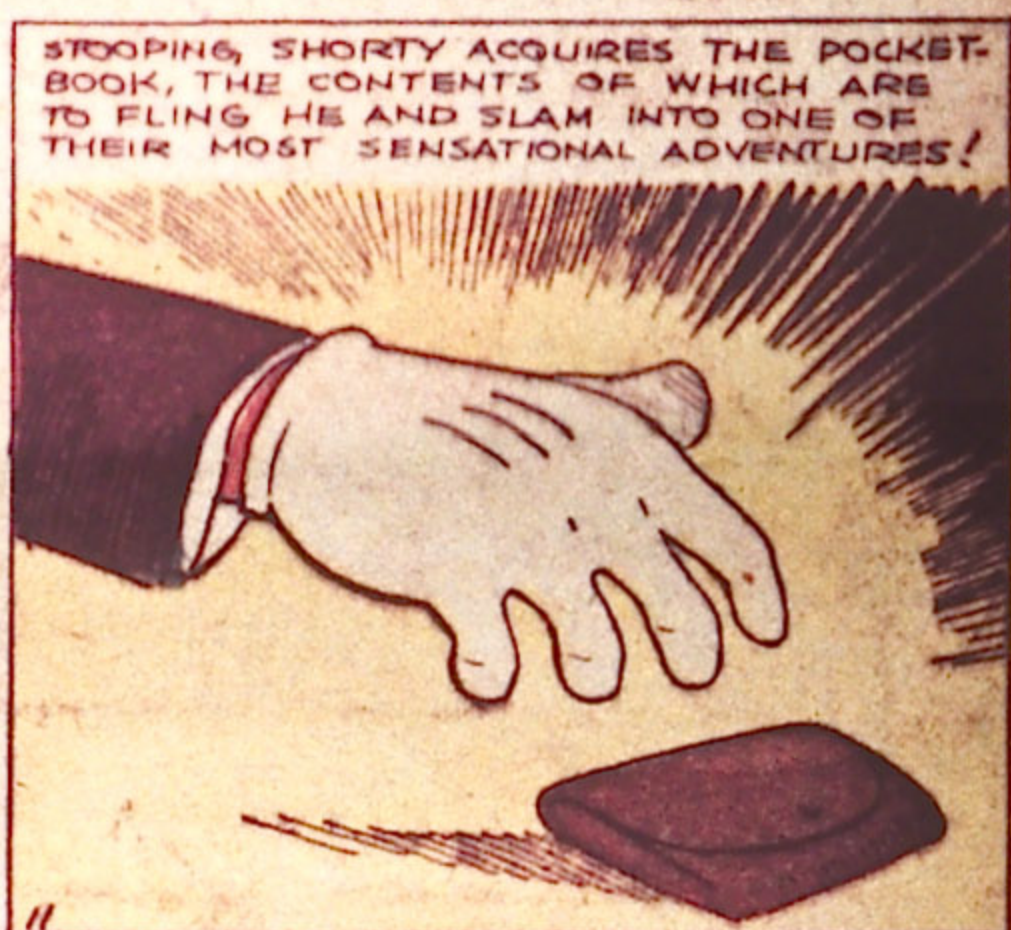
ABRUPTLY
THE DIN IS
SILENCED --
FOR THE
SIMPLE
REASON THAT
NONE BE-
SIDES SLAM
AND SHORTY
REMAIN
CONSCIOUS!



AH! HERE
IT IS! --
SWIPE MY ROLL,
WILL YA?



STOOPING, SHORTY ACQUIRES THE POCKET-
BOOK, THE CONTENTS OF WHICH ARE
TO FLING HE AND SLAM INTO ONE OF
THEIR MOST SENSATIONAL ADVENTURES!



LATER...
ON THE
AVENUE --
AS SHORTY
PAUSES
TO MAKE
A PURCHASE
HE DIS-
COVERS..

HEY! THIS
AIN'T MY POCKET-
BOOK, AT ALL!
IT MUST BELONG
TO ONE OF THOSE
SAILORS!

I DON' CARE TO
WHOM EET BELONG!
I WAN' MY
MONIES!

IS THERE ANY
MARK OF IDEN-
TIFICATION
INSIDE?



SHORTY FINDS THAT THE PURSE CONTAINS
NOTHING BUT A FEW COINS AND . . .
A NOTE!

DANNY BURKE —
TONIGHT —
THE SHIP "CLARION"
— COME ARMED!

GOLLY! IT
LOOKS LIKE
A GANG INTENDS
TO ROB THE
CLARION
TONIGHT!

WE'D BETTER
HURRY AND WARN
ITS SKIPPER

AHOY THERE!
WE WANT TO
COME ON BOARD
AND SEE THE
SKIPPER!

IT'S IMPORTANT!

THEN GIT TH'
LEAD OUT'N YORE
FEET AN' COME
ABOARD! I'M TH'
SKIPPER HERE!

FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER . . .

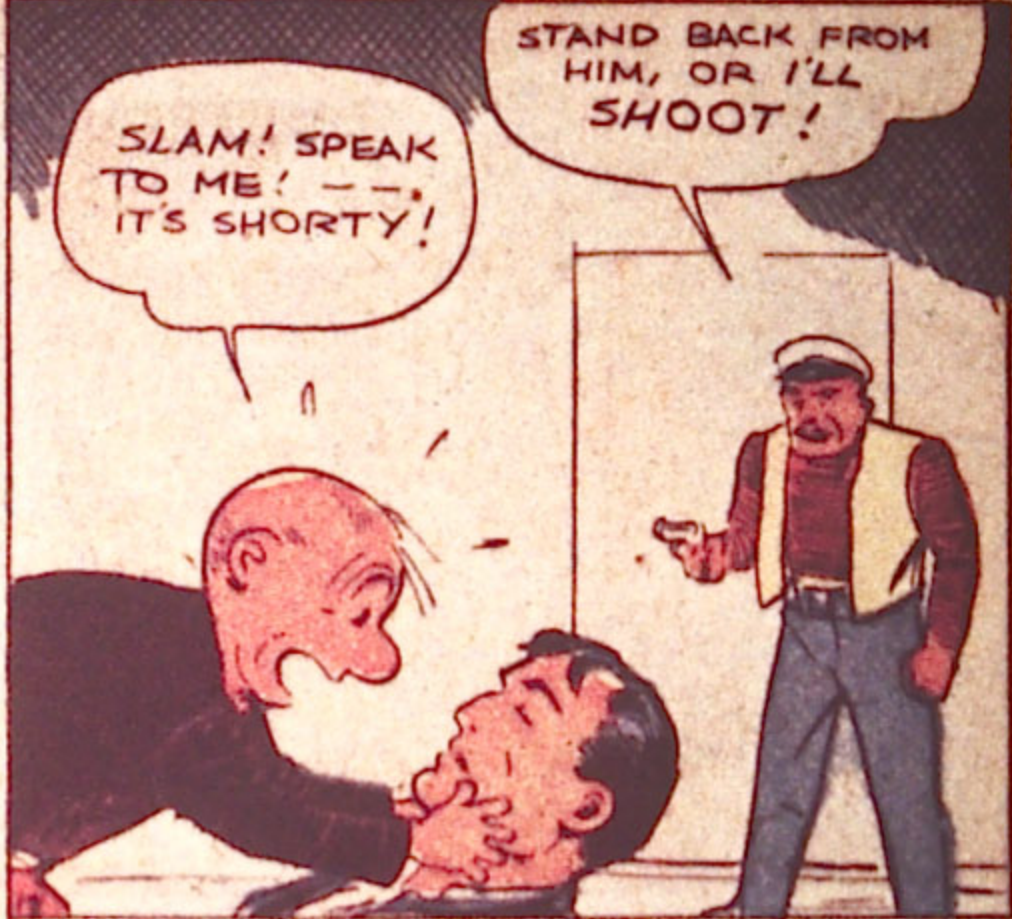
-- AND THAT'S
HOW WE
FOUND THIS
NOTE!

BOY, YOU'RE
SURE LUCKY
THAT WE
DID!

HM-M! THIS
LOOKS SERIOUS-LIKE!
WON'T YOU GENTS
STEP INTO MY
CABIN AN' TALK
THIS HERE THING
OVER!

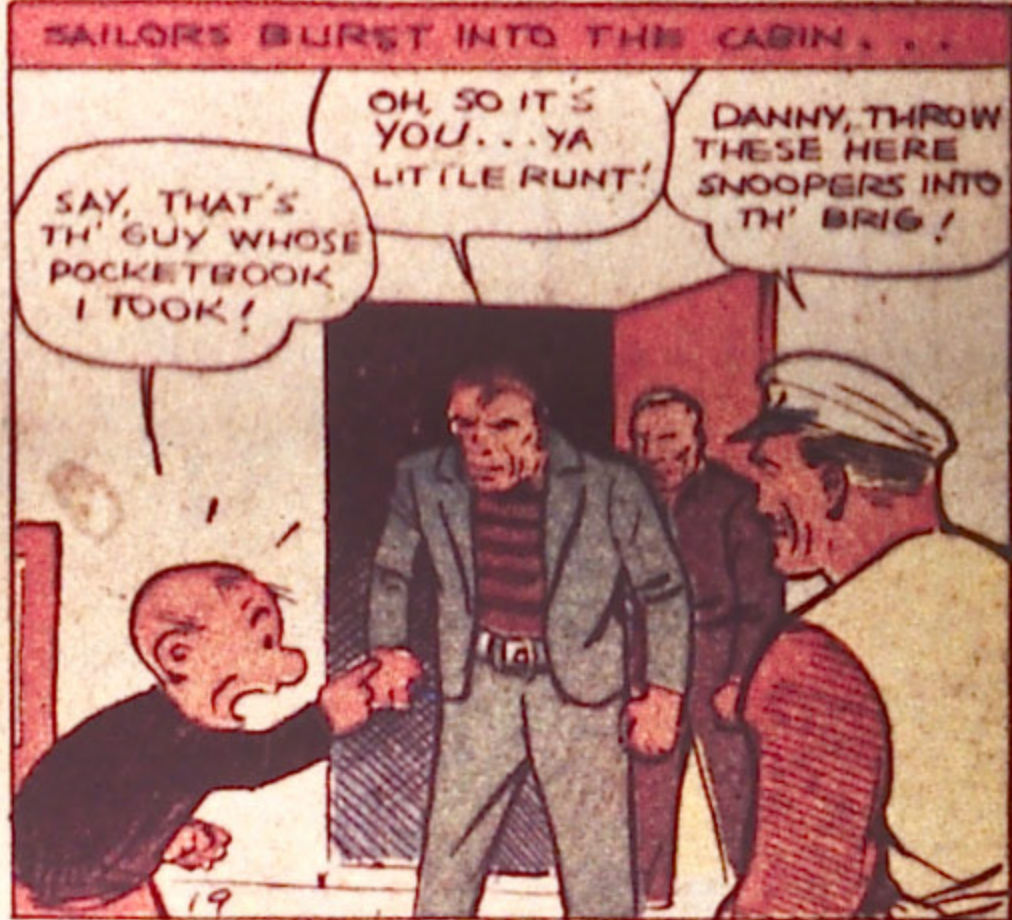
AS SLAM, ACCEPTING THE CAPTAIN'S INVITATION, ENTERS HIS CABIN, HE IS FELLED BY AN UNEXPECTED BLOW!

HEY! —
STOP THAT!
YA GOIN'
NUTS?



SLAM! SPEAK
TO ME! — —
IT'S SHORTY!

STAND BACK FROM
HIM, OR I'LL
SHOOT!



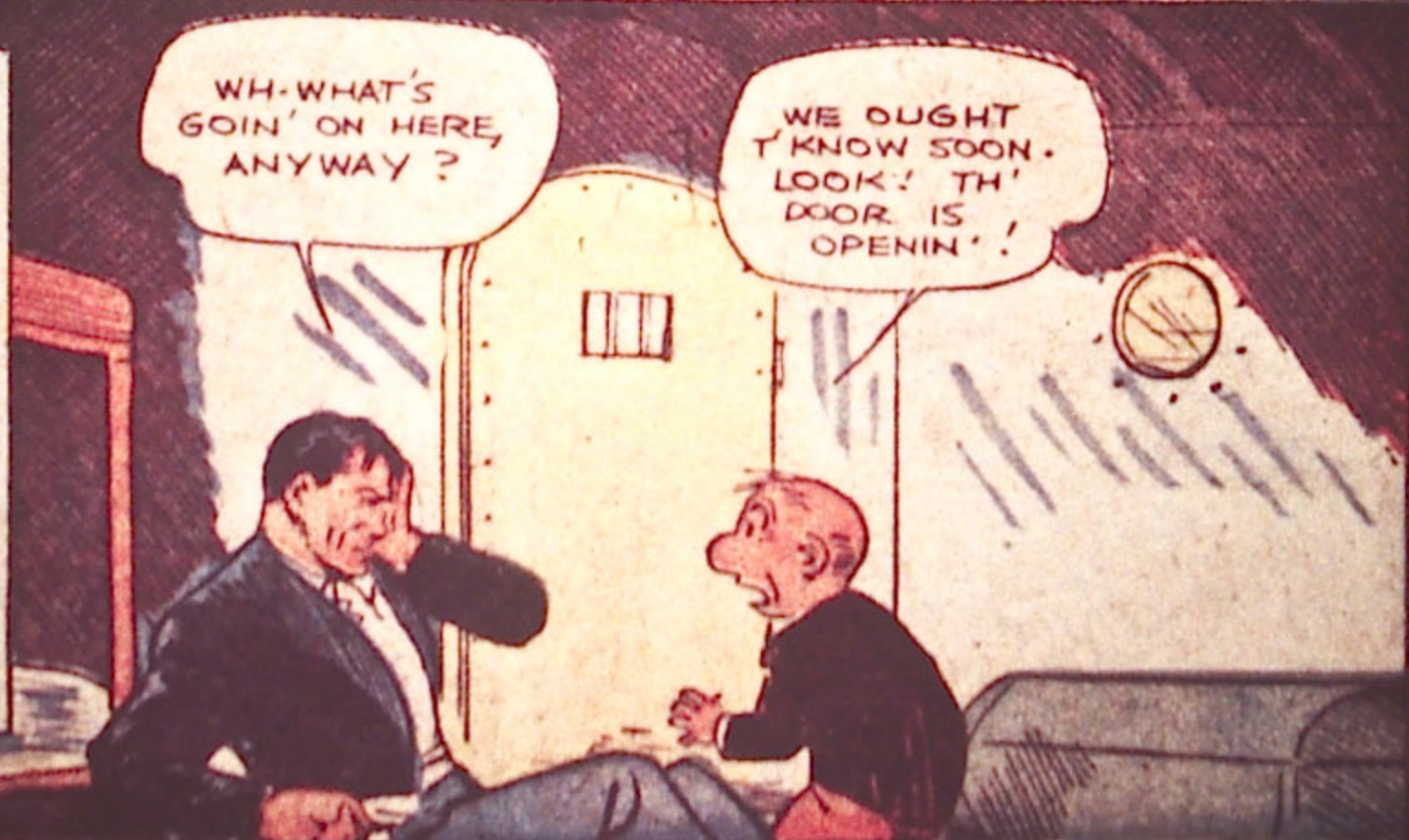
SAILORS BURST INTO THE CABIN...

SAY, THAT'S
TH' GUY WHOSE
POCKETBOOK
I TOOK!

OH, SO IT'S
YOU... YA
LITTLE RUNT!

DANNY, THROW
THESE HERE
SNOOPERS INTO
TH' BRIG!

LATER — —
THE SWAYING
MOVEMENT
OF THE
CLARION
WHICH HAS
PUT OUT TO
SEA, REVIVES
SLAM...



WH-WHAT'S
GOIN' ON HERE,
ANYWAY?

WE OUGHT
T'KNOW SOON.
LOOK! TH'
DOOR IS
OPENIN'!

WE DEMAND
TO BE RELEASED
AT ONCE!

SURE...
A CELL IS
NO PLACE FOR
MEN OF ACTION!

MEN OF ACTION,
EH? ...
HO! HO!
COME ALONG!
I'LL FIX YE
PROPER!

TEN MINUTES LATER FINDS
OUR FRIENDS ON HANDS
AND KNEES, SCRUBBING
THE DECK!

QUIET, YOU
SWABS! ...
A LITTLE MORE
ELBOW-GREASE
AND A LITTLE
LESS TALK,
THERE!

GOLLY, HOW
WAS I TO KNOW
THEY'D PULL
A STUNT LIKE
THIS?

MAYBE THIS'LL
TEACH YOU TO
KEEP YOUR TRAP
CLOSED!

(-PS-ST' WHEN
I GIVE THE SIGNAL,
DROP AS THO FROM
EXHAUSTION!-)

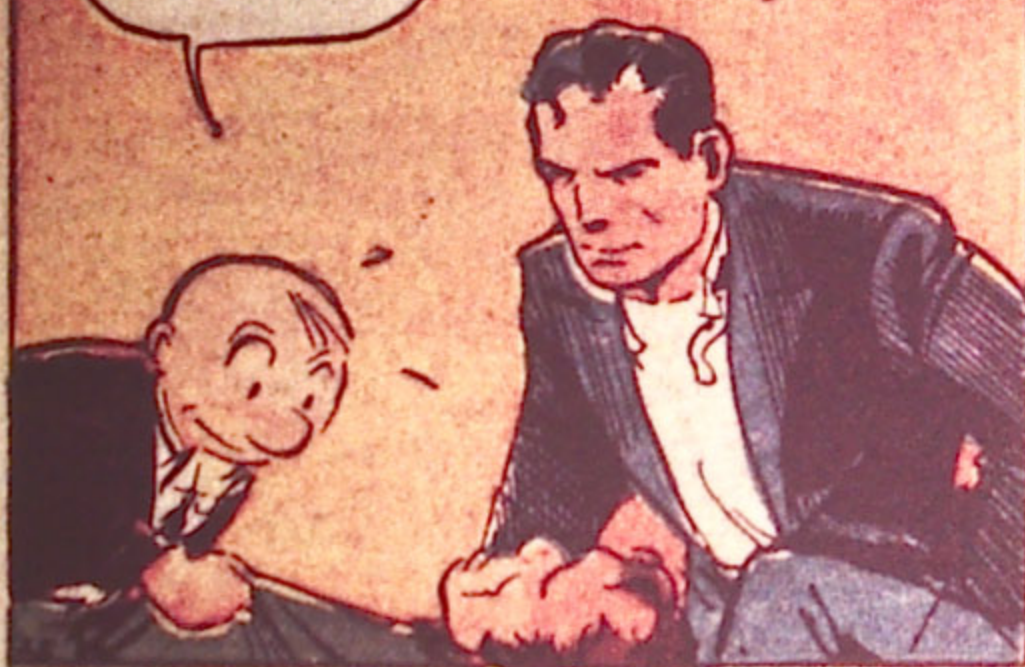
(-I GET YA!-)

GET UP, YOU
—UH-HH—

A LITTLE
TOKEN FROM
ME TO YOU!

HE'S OUT!
NOW WHAT?

NOW TO GET THE
LOWDOWN ON THIS
WHOLE BUSINESS!



HE DOES — IN THE FORM
OF A BELAYING-PIN!

SNOOPIN',
AGAIN, EH?



STEALING TO THE SKIPPER'S
CABIN, SLAM APPROACHES THE
PORT-HOLE AND PREPARES
TO GET AN EARFUL!



WHEN SLAM REVIVES...

WH-WHAT--
WH-WHERE--?

YEAH —
WE'RE BACK
IN TH' BRIG!
— YOU AN'
YER SWELL
IDEAS!





(SNIFF! --
SNIFF! --)
SAY, DO YOU
SMELL SOME-
THING?

SMOKE!



WHEN I CONKED
THAT SAILOR WITH
THE WATER-BUCKET,
I POCKETED HIS GUN
— OUR ONLY CHANCE
IS FOR ME TO SHOOT
THE LOCK OFF THE
DOOR!

HOORAY FOR
YOU, SLAM!
GO TO IT!

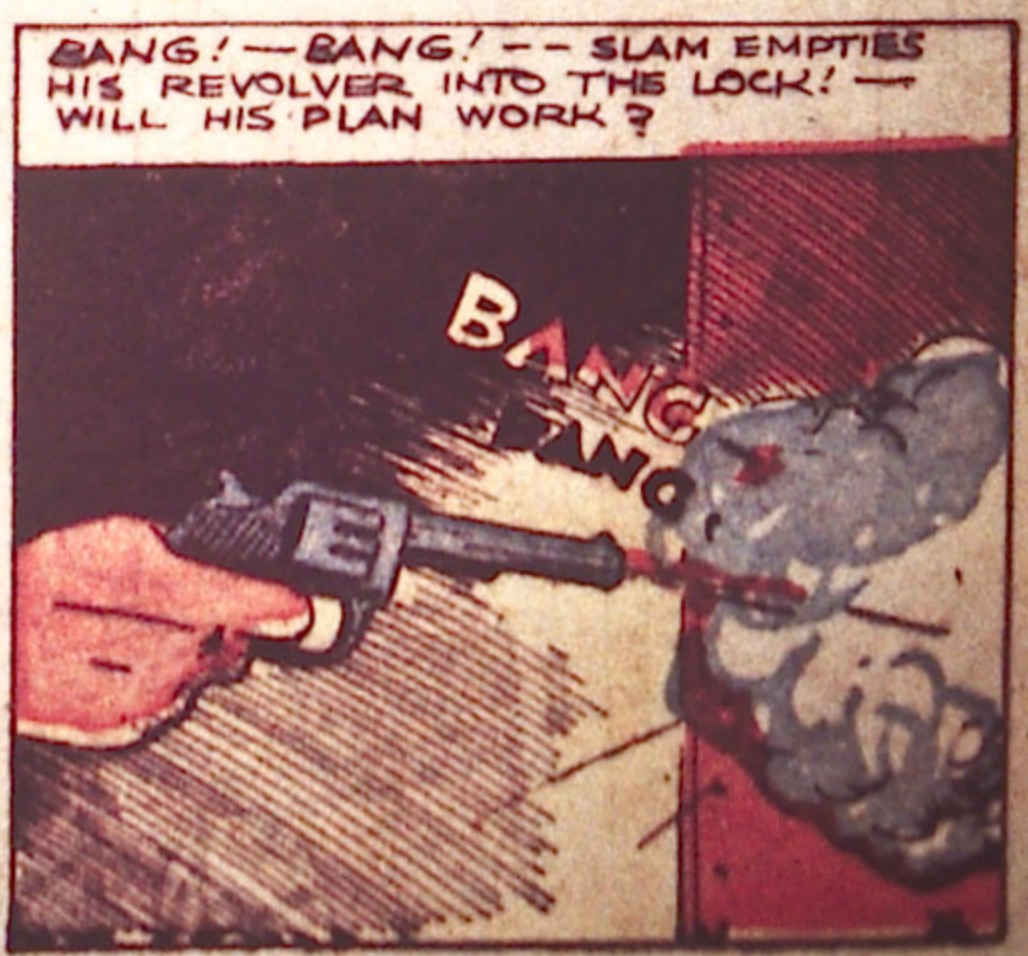
FIRE! THE DREAD OF ALL
SEA-GOING MEN! -- WITH
EACH SECOND THE SMOKE IN
CREASES! SHORTY AND SLAM
RUSH TO THE BRIG'S ENTRANCE!



HELP!
LET US OUTA
HERE! -- WE'LL
BURN LIKE
TRAPPED RATS!

GIVE YOUR
LUNGS A REST,
SHORTY, AND
LISTEN TO ME!

BANG! -- BANG! -- SLAM EMPTIES
HIS REVOLVER INTO THE LOCK! --
WILL HIS PLAN WORK?



BANG
BANG

TO THE DELIGHT OF SLAM AND
SHORTY, THE DOOR SWINGS
OPEN, ITS LOCK SHATTERED!

WE'RE FREE!
—BUT WHAT
OF IT? WE'LL
FRY ANYWAY!

NO, WE WON'T
—LOOK!



ON THE FORWARD DECK A FLAG-CODE
OPERATOR IS FRANTICALLY SIGNALLING
FOR ASSISTANCE TO A PASSING LINER!

34



JUBILANT, OUR DETECTIVE-FRIENDS
TURN THE CORNER OF A CABIN THEN
CROUCH BACK, ASTONISHED BY WHAT
THEY SEE AND HEAR . . .

DOWN, MEN!
STAY HIDDEN
'TILL YOU'RE
ALONGSIDE!

KEEP THOSE
MACHINE-GUNS
COVERED!

PILE ON
MORE FIRE-
WOOD! WE'VE
GOT TO HAVE
MORE SMOKE!



JIMINEE!
THEY'RE GONNA
LOOT THE
LINER!

NOT IF WE
CAN HELP IT!



TREMBLING, KNEES KNOCKING,
SHORTY OBEYS SLAM'S INSTRUCT-
IONS, INWARDLY HOPING BRADLEY
KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING...

SHORTY, YOU ATTRACT
THEIR ATTENTION,
GET THEM TO CHASE
YOU, AND LEAVE
THE REST TO ME!

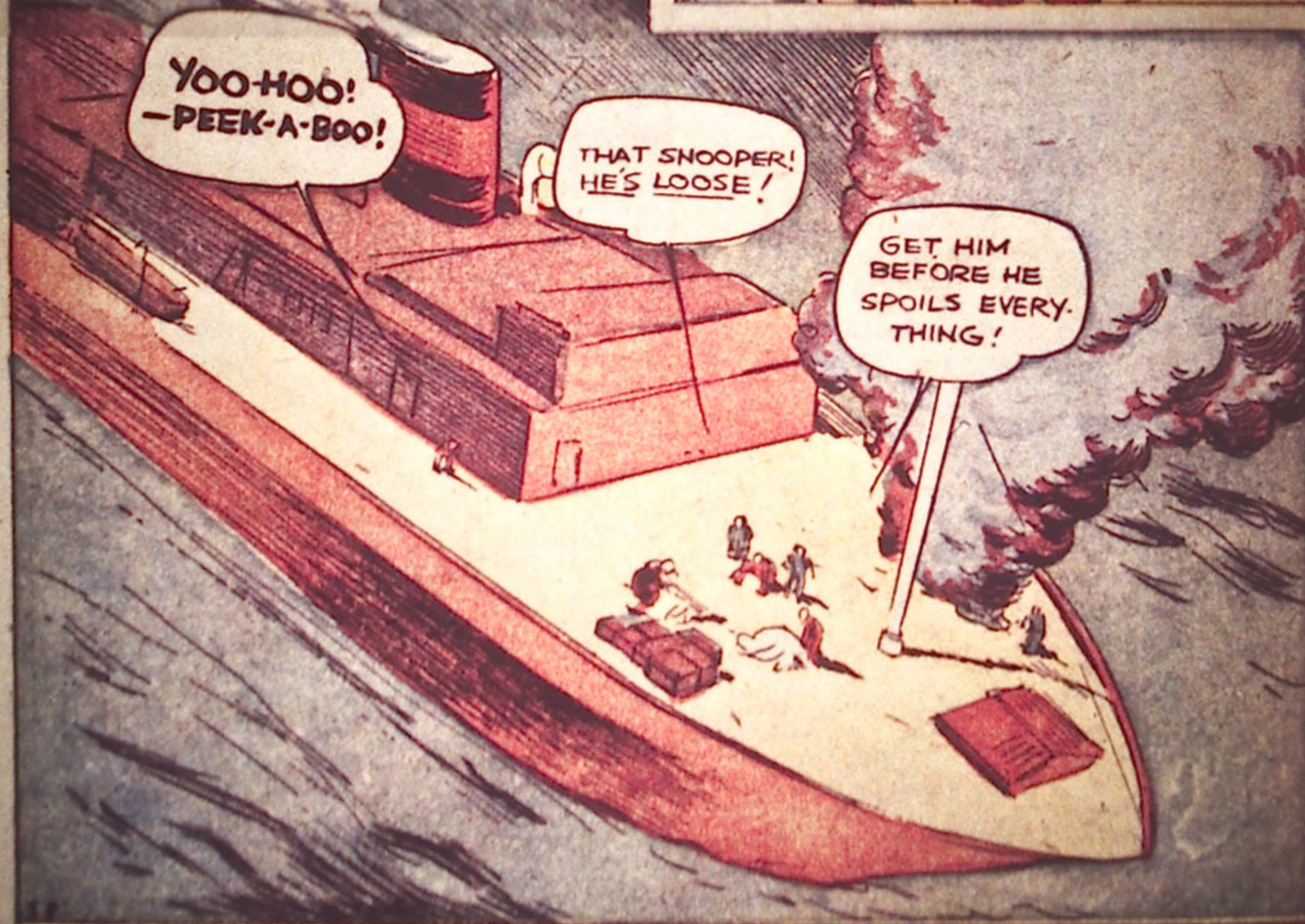
OKAY.—BUT IF
THEY CATCH AND
KILL ME I SWEAR
I'LL NEVER LISTEN
TO ANY OF YOUR
DIZZY SCHEMES
AGAIN!



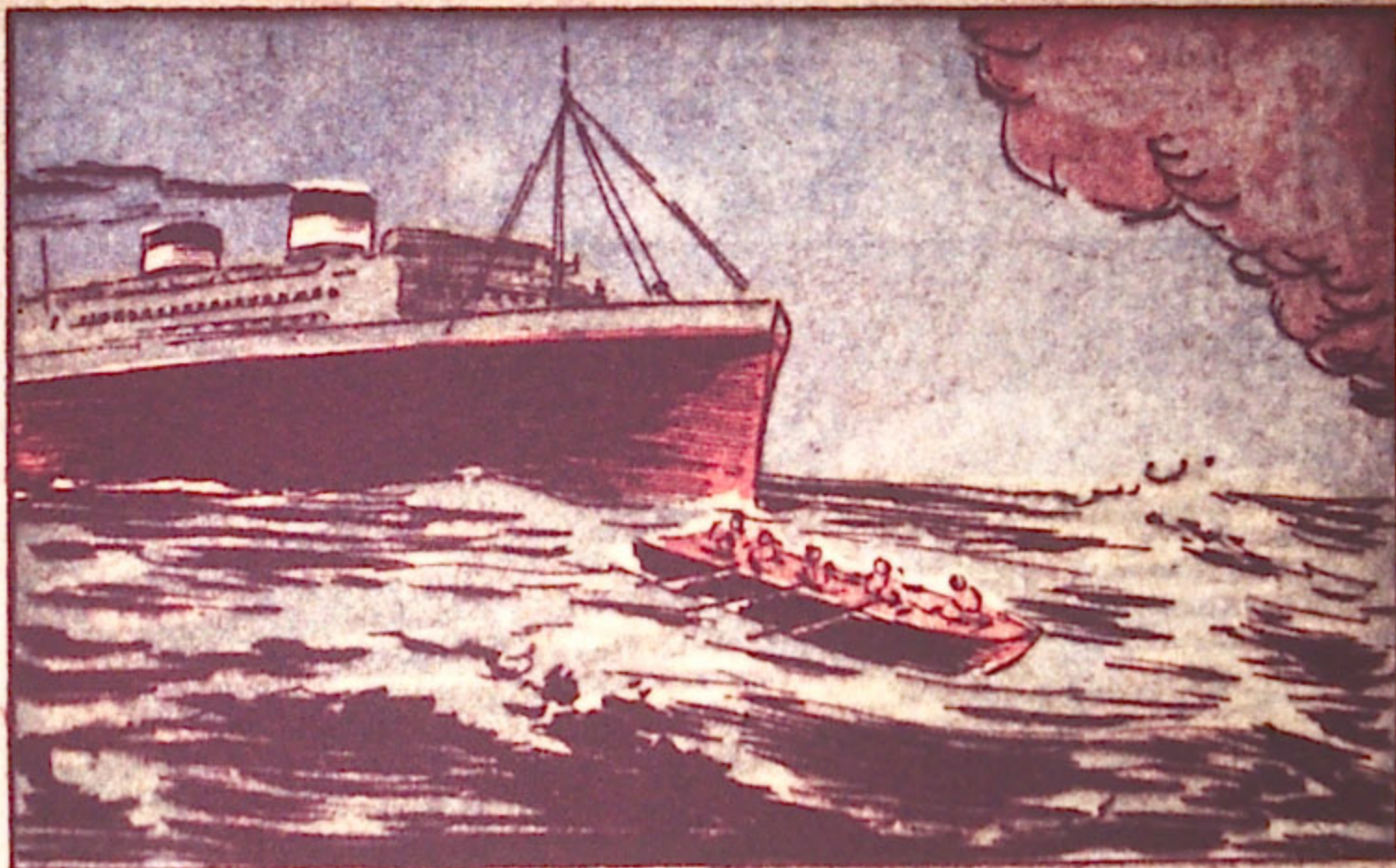
YOO-HOO!
—PEEK-A-BOO!

THAT SNOOPER!
HE'S LOOSE!

GET HIM
BEFORE HE
SPOILS EVERY-
THING!



**A ROWBOAT
IS DISPATCHED
FROM THE
LINER TO
RESCUE
THE CLARION'S
CREW...**



**BUT IF ANYONE IS IN NEED OF RESCUE
IT'S SHORTY-- HIS PURSUERS ARE
GAINING ON HIM!**

**HEY, SLAM!
ISN'T IT ABOUT
TIME YOU DID
SOMETHING!**



**AS THO IN ANSWER TO SHORTY'S
CALL, SLAM MAKES HIS APPEAR-
ANCE CLUTCHING THE NOZZLE
OF THE DECK-HOSE!**

**I'LL BET THIS
IS THE FIRST TIME
IN YEARS YOU
GUYS HAVE HAD
A BATH!**

**HO! HO!
--SLAM!
YER KILLIN'
ME!**



WHEN THE BOAT FROM THE
LINER REACHES THE
CLARION

W-WHAT IS
THE MEANING
OF THIS?

THESE PIRATES
WERE PLANNING
TO ROB YOUR
SHIP... BUT
I FANCY THEY'VE
ABANDONED THE
IDEA!

YOU'LL RECEIVE
A SPLENDID
REWARD FOR
THIS!

"SPLENDID,"
EH? HOW MUCH
IS THAT IN
DOLLARS AND
CENTS?

THE END

COMING
NEXT
ISSUE!

SLAM
BRADLEY

UP NORTH

DON'T MISS IT!

BOYS EARN THIS BICYCLE

MAKE MONEY and Earn PRIZES YOU WANT

FOR BOYS, 12 to 16: An aluminum bike, fully streamlined, completely equipped. Gives you a silent, swift, "floating" ride. This bike and any of our 300 other prizes can be yours—and you don't have to buy them! Earn whatever you want, and MAKE MONEY, too, by delivering our magazines to people whom you secure as customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. To start at once, mail this ad to Jim Thayer, Dept. 784, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

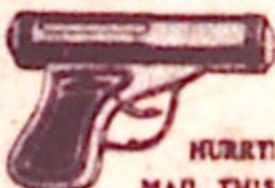
Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

YOU NEED NOT BUY
THESE PRIZES!

JUST MAIL THE COU-
PON AND WE'LL START
YOU EARNING THEM



HURRY!
MAIL THIS
COUPON



300 PRIZES!

Earn this waterproof
lamp, a portable flashlight,
or anything else you
want. It's easy! Mail
the coupon to start.



With this ad you can earn up to \$100.00. Many boys have earned money and prizes. Run your own show, charge admission, make money. Mail the coupon at once.



This Movie
and Film
can be
YOURS

LIEUTENANT ALAN McLEOD

HERO OF THE AIR

LT. MC LEOD, WINNER OF THE "VICTORIA CROSS," ENGLAND'S HIGHEST DECORATION, FIRST SERVED IN THE ARMY DURING A BOMBARDMENT OF LONDON, IN THE WORLD WAR —



WHILE IN AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION SQUADRON, HE SHOWED HIS WORTH AS A CRACK PILOT AND A BRAVE SOLDIER —



ONCE HE SHOT DOWN 2 TRIPLANES ONLY TO HAVE ANOTHER SET HIS PLANE AFIRE — HE AND HIS OBSERVER CRASHED — HE WAS ABLE TO RESCUE HIS OBSERVER FROM THE FLAMES BEFORE HE COLLAPSED —



ANOTHER TIME, THRU SHEER RECKLESS COURAGE, HE SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING UP A NEST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS —



